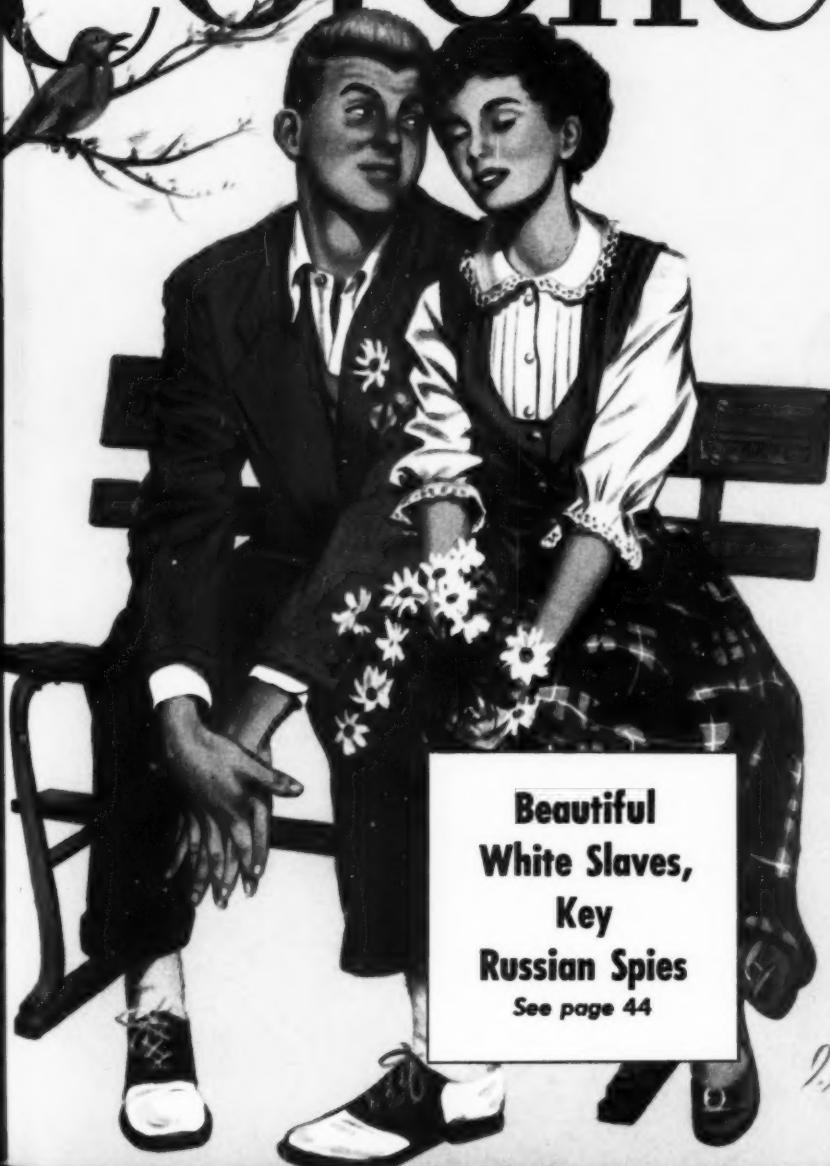


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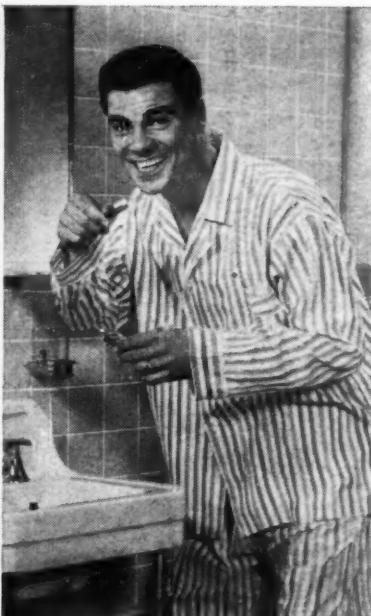
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Airflyte

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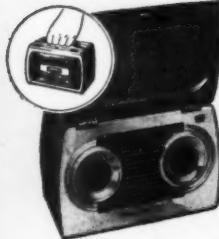
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Coronet

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Spring Magic

J. FREDERICK SMITH

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Coronets to Garson Kanin and Ruth Gordon

FOR ANYONE WHO likes to pigeon-hole talent, the Garson Kanins are a troublesome pair. Nearly everyone knows that Garson Kanin has directed smash-hit movies and long-run plays, and that his wife, Ruth Gordon, has been a top-flight actress for more than 20 years. But when Kanin returned from the war to write *Born Yesterday* and Miss Gordon turned up suddenly as the author of *Over Twenty-One*, old classifications fell like tenpins.

With their marriage in 1942, Miss Gordon followed her husband from one Army post to the next, keeping house while Kanin, now 37, struggled to keep up with the youngsters of Uncle Sam's Army.

Later, Miss Gordon commemo-

rated this period when she wrote the uproarious comedy, *Over Twenty-One*—the story of a mature man among the 20-year-olds in Officer Candidate School. For authenticity, she played the wife of the harried and hopeful candidate.

The Kanins were able to carve their niche in the theater only after severe personal discouragement. As a neophyte, Miss Gordon was told she would never make an actress. Kanin once languished on Samuel Goldwyn's studio lots for a year without being given a single picture to work on.

Now on top, the Kanins refuse to limit themselves. They say: "Our ambition is to be a master of all trades and a jack of none."



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Portugal in New England

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, due west of Portugal, is the Massachusetts fishing village of Gloucester. Hundreds of Portuguese fisherfolk have made the 3,000-mile voyage, bringing an Old World atmosphere to a storied New England town.

Seafarers all, these hardy immigrants have given new strength to the fisheries, to the spar- and sail-making shops, to the rigging industries. They have also given freshness to the whole peninsula.

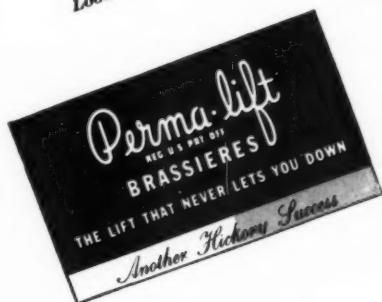
But in the troubled waters of the Atlantic, where Gloucestermen have gone to the sea for 300 years, and where 10,000 have lost their lives, the new settlers have measured up best to the rigorous standards of the sea. Side by side with the older inhabitants, they sail the world's most dangerous fishing grounds—the fog-shrouded, iceberg-haunted Grand Banks.

Ashore, the Portuguese retain a quiet dignity. In the evening, men sit before weather-marked homes, patiently repairing lobster baskets. But on festival days, young people don colorful costumes, and their flashing dark eyes bespeak the care-free spirit of youth.

Their "Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage" is known throughout the peninsula for its beautiful carillon of 32 bells. Within, a graceful figure of the Madonna holds a fishing craft in one hand. The other is raised in eternal blessing of the waters where these courageous people find their livelihood.

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YOU DOWN

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—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trade marks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MEMORABLE MAKE-BELIEVE:

“The Window”

LEGEND SAYS that, more than 2,000 years ago, there lived a strange, misshapen Greek slave named Aesop. He traveled at the side of many masters, meeting and remembering the oddities of life and men.

Later, when he was freed, he came to have a reputation for great wisdom and penetrating wit. In cities all over Greece, he charmed audiences with tales of shepherds and children and animals. But concealed in these quaint little stories were deeply considered morals which, even today, have the validity of lasting truth.

It is said that the rulers of his day could not understand Aesop's wisdom. They came to fear him and he was put to death. Yet his tales lived on, and they were written down for the ages.

One of these is known all over the world as a lesson in truth: the story of the shepherd boy who, for a lark, cried "Wolf!" Then, when the wolf really attacked his sheep, he could get no help and the flock was devoured.

Using this simple theme, R-K-O Radio Pictures has fashioned a Hollywood shocker. Conceived as a minor production, *The Window* has emerged as a "sleeper"—73 minutes of taut, mounting terror. For, in *The Window*, the modern counterpart of the shepherd boy who cried "Wolf!" finds he must stand helpless and alone in the face of real danger.



1. One summer night, Tommy Woodry (Bobby Driscoll) sees his neighbors, the Kellersons, murder a man.



4. Tommy is forced to apologize to the Kellersons, (Ruth Roman, Paul Stewart). They decide to kill him.



2. Because Tommy often tells tall stories, his father (Arthur Kennedy) refuses to believe him now.



3. Tommy goes to the police, who investigate but find no evidence of a crime. The wolf is alerted.



5. Tommy breaks away from the murderers, but they trap the boy in a fire-gutted tenement building.



6. *The Window* reaches a dramatic peak as the boy, desperate and alone, seeks to evade his pursuers.



President Truman keeps fit with bending exercises while on a sea voyage.



Dr. Vannevar Bush, atom scientist, uses a drill press in his metalwork shop.



A mighty hand with the scythe, Vice-President Alben W. Barkley cuts weeds.



The famed Eisenhower grin broader than ever, Ike proudly poses with his catch.

LEISURE FOR LEADERS

THE OFF-STAGE ACTIVITIES of those whom destiny has touched for leadership has always intrigued us. We read of Lincoln, feet high on a cracker barrel, swapping witty and pointed stories with country-store

cronies. We remember Theodore Roosevelt as a big-game hunter.

Now, the camera's ever-ready eye catches some of today's leaders in their brief respite from the hectic center of the world stage.

YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO

IF YOU WANT A
CLEAN SCALP—
HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR

Remember, water is no Hair Tonic. But on the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*—it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on



your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling SO CLEAN. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp and dry hair—to remove dandruff flakes.

Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type
hair that attracts



A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



Dick Merrill



Gar Wood

They Blazed the Speed Trail

WHEN AVIATION WAS in its infancy, Dick Merrill learned to fly a "Jenny" by the "seat of his pants." Since then Merrill has become one of the world's most famous fliers, and now he is chief check pilot for Eastern Airlines.

Winging around the world in his flying seven-league boots, Merrill remains a pioneer in the fastest vehicle man has ever created.

With his pair of traveling companions—a tamed lion cub and a squirrel—he has flown millions of miles at phenomenal speeds that are attainable only in the air.

Yet he may still remember a day, 12 years ago, when he said before taking off across the ocean: "I'll have to make it in 12 hours. That's all the gas I'm carrying."

ONE DAY IN 1932, a sleek powerhouse of speed roared across the St. Clair River in Michigan. It was the *Miss America X*, with Gar Wood at the controls. As the 8,000-horsepower craft streaked past the timer, it was clocked at 124.86 miles per hour—the greatest speed man had ever attained on water.

Beginning in the late 1920s, Gar Wood, the first man to travel 100 miles an hour on water, virtually monopolized the Harmsworth motorboat racing trophy.

Now, though he is still experimenting with speedy watercraft, Wood's greatest pride remains the PT boat. His idea of putting airplane engines in motorboats made the torpedo-bearing PTs a deadly weapon in the Pacific War.



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RECORDS...One Cobra* Tone Arm plays the new L-P records...45 minutes on a single disk! The other Cobra with Silent-Speed Changer automatically plays 10 or 12 inch standard records. Tone beauty is revealed as never before! Records sound like new for over 2,000 plays!

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storms, and no-fade, no-drift tuning not possible with imitation FM sets!

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See this new Zenith "Twin Cobra" Blackstone before you buy *any* combination. Graceful Hepplewhite cabinet of genuine Mahogany veneer.



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ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
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Unwritten Languages

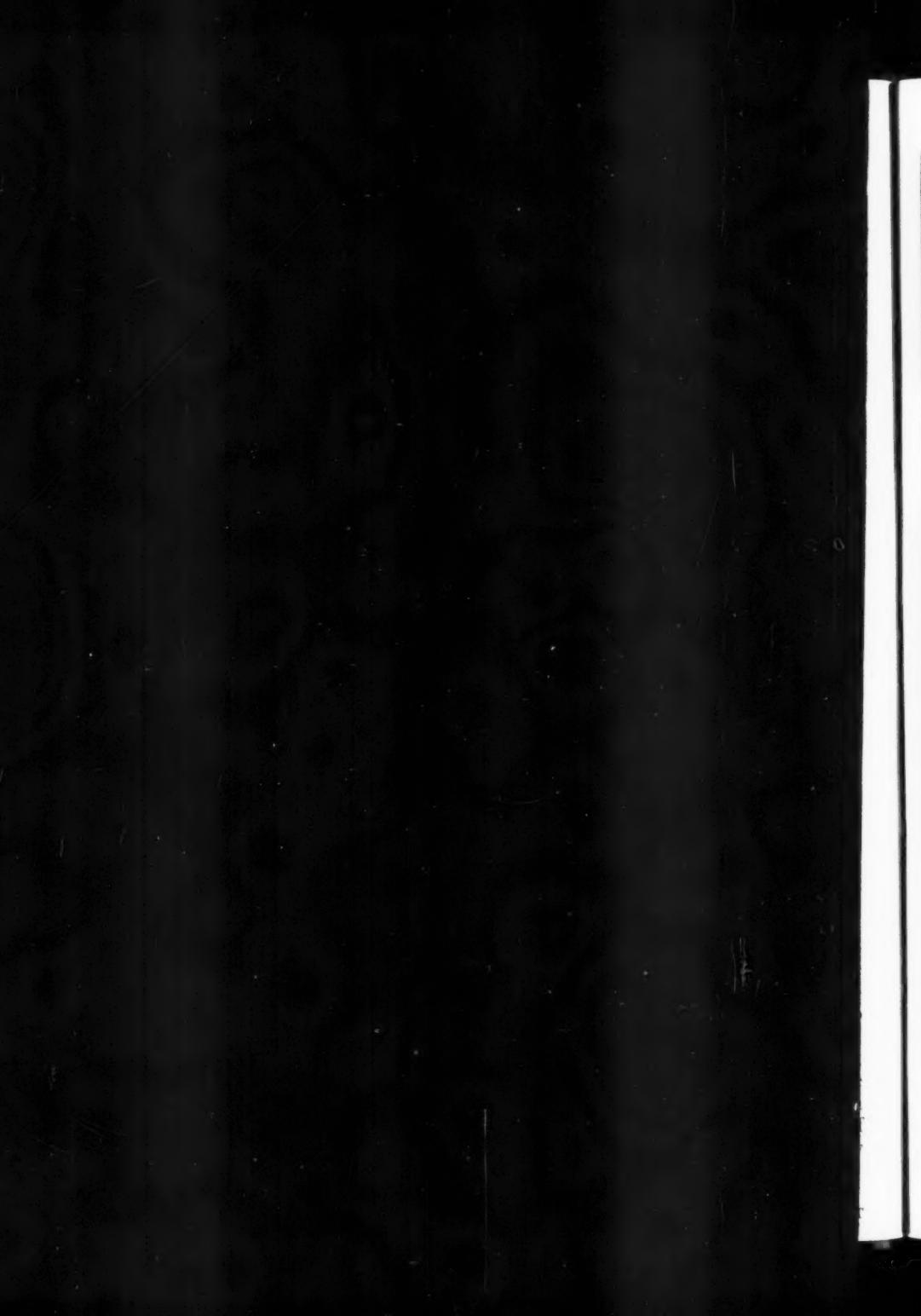
ZOOLOGIST Georg Schwidetzky stepped into a cage at the London Zoological Gardens, ready for an experiment. During months of patient observation, he had listened to the weird guttural sounds of chimpanzees greeting one another. Now he uttered the same sound.

The chimps regarded him quizzically, then they swarmed around him, chattering wildly. But the repartee ended abruptly when Schwidetzky failed to hold up his end of the conversation.

He had, however, proved a point: animals have a language! While it is unlike that of humans, lacking refinements like main and subordinate clauses, it does enable "dumb" animals to communicate.

Scientific researchers have taken this theory seriously enough to make a study of the so-called unintelligible sounds of animals. One such investigator went so far as to compile a dictionary of animal words. An American, experimenting with orangutans, taught one to call him "Papa" and to say the word "Cup" when she was thirsty.

Our four-legged friends can announce their presence, challenge rivals and spread an alarm. Uninvolved, their language is in no danger of being misunderstood. There is small chance, for instance, that a monkey will misinterpret the loving words of his mate. Nor will a lioness be puzzled by the cries of her young. Animals, after all, know what they're talking about.





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MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



Playwright Arthur Miller



Actor Lee J. Cobb

They Triumphed on Broadway

ARTHUR MILLER, whose now-famous play, *Death of a Salesman*, has been acclaimed as a triumph of the American theater, is a quiet-voiced six-footer from Brooklyn who bears a marked resemblance to Lincoln.

As handy with a carpenter's tools as he is with the ingredients of a great play, he wrote *Death of a Salesman* in six feverish weeks, working in a Connecticut cottage he built himself.

Many plays achieve renown on craftsmanship alone. But in his story of a salesman who reaches the end of a shabby career, Miller has created a drama that is brutally real, and yet poetic and often humorous in its sensitive understanding of a defeated man.

“*DEATH OF A SALESMAN*” is one of the rare productions in which the greatness of the play and the players is evenly matched. In creating the title role of the drummer whose dreams have crumbled, Lee J. Cobb gives a performance of tremendous depth and impact.

Now a famous motion-picture actor, Cobb first aimed at the footlights as a violinist. But an abrupt cancellation of his first Carnegie Hall concert sent him off on several tangents—among them aeronautics and, fortuitously, a try at college dramatics.

In *Death of a Salesman*, he performs with a truth that transcends technique to make this a play destined to win lasting laurels for Arthur Miller and himself.

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4-Door Sedan

Everything, including its styling says it's
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 From its smart Dyna-Cool grille to its graceful rear deck, and from its smoothly rounded top to its trim extra-low pressure tires, this thrilling new Chevrolet is *the most beautiful buy of all!*

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eling comfort. And one trip will prove it's the most beautiful buy for performance and dependability—thanks to a world's champion Valve-in-Head engine exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

A M E R I C A ' S C H O I C E F O R 1 8 Y E A R S

Magic Without Mirrors

MOST TOP-NOTCH equilibrists learn their agile acrobatics as children. Maurice Baquet, however, devoted his early years to classical music, finally achieving a cellist's degree at the Paris Conservatory of Music. Today, he is one of Europe's most popular musical-comedy and motion-picture stars.

In making the transition from the secluded halls of the Conservatory to the glittering music halls of Paris, Baquet achieved secondary fame as a mountain climber and ski enthusiast. He has since represented France in international ski competitions, and last year he successfully defended his title as the champion of Paris.

"Juggling," he says with a wry smile, "came to me while I was trying to recover my axe on a glacier. Tumbling comes naturally to anyone who attempts to ski."

Actually, each of Baquet's widely diversified skills is the result of long practice. To achieve the spontaneous combination of whimsical patter and effortless gymnastics that is his trade-mark, he often rehearses under the critical eye of his wife, who sometimes appears with him as a dancer. Together they are introducing their daughter, Catherine, to the mysteries of musical comedy. "However," Baquet observes, "she will probably grow up to be a classical musician!"



1. A European Chaplin in top hat and tennis shoes, Maurice Baquet is a polished, philosophical comedian.



4. Optimistically, the little man whom Baquet portrays so well embarks on the ups and downs of life.



2. It takes about six months to learn to juggle three objects, a year or more to introduce a fourth.



3. Baquet uses only three oddly assorted objects to bolster his amusing views on the futility of it all.



5. Drawing a wry parallel with life, the little man tumbles disastrously just as things seem secure.



6. Yet he soon bounces up again. With such simple material, Baquet has won thousands of admirers.



1. A climber scales the face of Yosemite's Arrowhead, 2,000 feet up.



2. Bugaboo Glacier in the Canadian Rockies, rigorous as Alpine peaks.



3. The rappel is often the only means for descending a steep pitch.



4. Of the world's great mountains, only three remain unclimbed.

Reaching for the Sky

AS A SPORT, mountain climbing is less than 100 years old. Yet its devotees are among the world's most enthusiastic sportsmen. The Matterhorn, Kilimanjaro, McKinley—all have known the ice ax and

hobnail boots of dauntless climbers. George Leigh-Mallory, who died 25 years ago amid Everest's swirling snow, was asked: "Why must you climb it?" He replied: "Because it is there."

A confidential message to women

(all women!)

The male of the species lags far behind the other sex in one respect at least. He refuses to simplify his daily clothing. **Lovely woman**, on the other hand, each year reduces her garments in weight or in bulk or in number.... And finally this simplification has reached the harness of supports and fastenings endured so rebelliously "every month."

If you are a rebel, too, you will be more than intrigued by the discoveries of the physician who invented *Tampax*. As a matter of fact, the basic principle of "internal absorption" was quite well known, but this doctor perfected it to such a degree that women could use it right in their own homes by means of slim, white applicators containing nothing but pure surgical cotton of great absorbency.

Just imagine yourself forever free from the burden of belts, pins and external pads—no odor, no chafing, no disposal embarrassment.... Just imagine yourself taking showers and

tub-baths any time at your own sweet will without bothering to remove the *Tampax*. And imagine the relief when you know *absolutely* that the smoothest, snuggest gown or swim-suit can't reveal a bulge or edge or tiny wrinkle caused by *Tampax*!

The trained nurses know the facts about *Tampax*, so it is no surprise to find that a large percentage of nurses surveyed, use this product. Young mothers form another enthusiastic group—also students in the famous women's colleges and the big universities of the South and West.

Science is wonderful when on "difficult days" it can ease a woman's mind, increase her social confidence and let her do her work better, whether the job may be in an office, at school or at home. . . . She slips a month's supply of *Tampax* into her purse and is all prepared for an emergency. Make a note of it now; sold at drug or notion counters. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Peggy Johnson: Equestrienne



Cecil B. Smith: Polo Player

They Soar and Score

THE CROWD roared as "Peg's Pride," with a 19-year-old rider up, cleared the final barrier. Peggy Johnson, youngest horsewoman ever to win the Annual Open Jump Award, had captured her 36th title.

Behind her triumph lay an inspiring story of sportsmanship. Thrown violently as a novice, it took Peggy nine years to regain her confidence. Then, at 16, she put a new jumper through his paces at Hutchinson Farms, New Rochelle, N. Y. The owner promptly named the horse "Peg's Pride."

CECIL B. SMITH, one of the two "ten-goal handicap" polo players in the U. S., had no fear of horses to conquer. Born in Llano, Texas, in 1904, Smith rode horses as a toddler on his father's ranch. Later he worked as a cowboy. Then a chance job breaking polo ponies started him toward international fame.

Today, his superb horsemanship and smooth, polished style of play, combined with his uncanny ability to score almost impossible shots, have earned him the title "Bobby Jones of polo."

CREDITS

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Worth Ten Thousand Words



Illustrated from the Coronet Film "A Pioneer Home"



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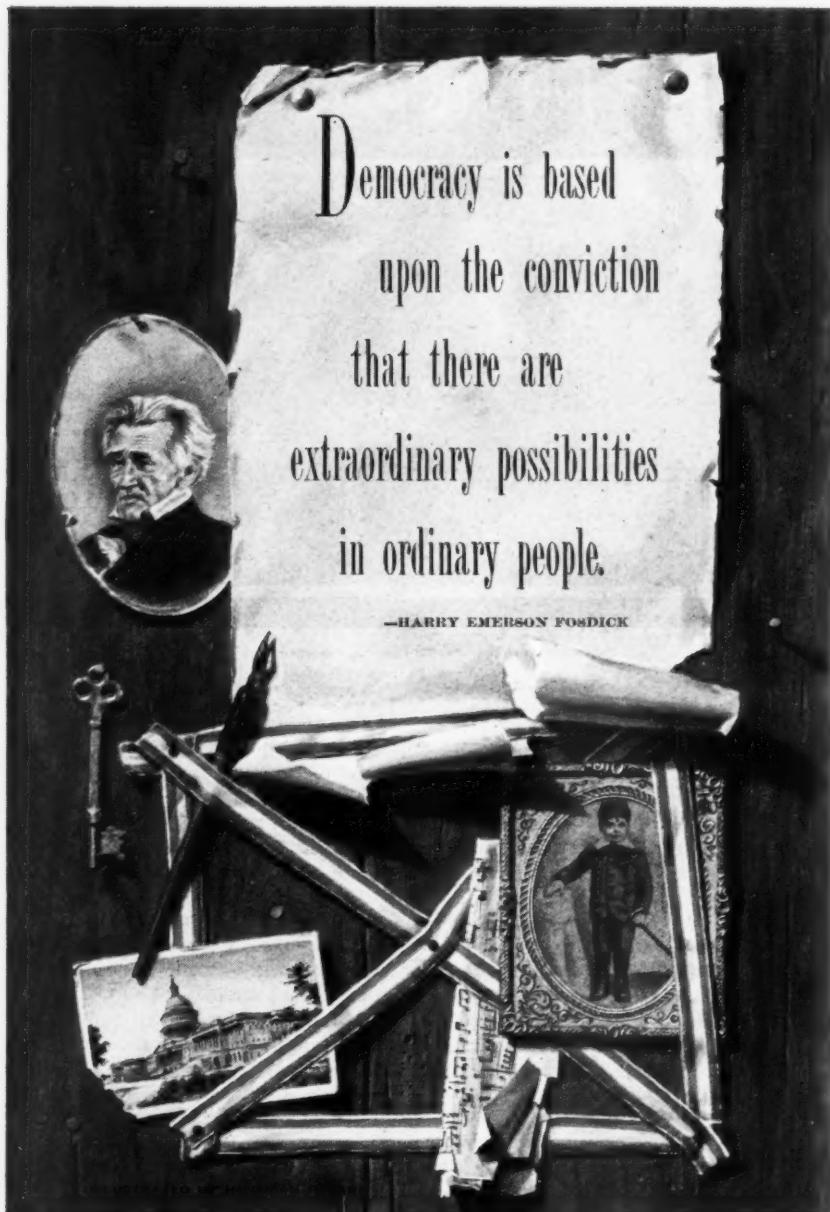
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Democracy is based
upon the conviction
that there are
extraordinary possibilities
in ordinary people.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK



Missing: One Filipino Boy

by CHARLES RUSSELL

NONE OF US WERE aware that he was watching. Noiselessly he had guided the water buffalo he was riding into the clearing. I say noiselessly because the sounds we made while erecting our tents, swatting mosquitoes and describing the Leyte climate in particular, reverberated from palm to palm.

Sitting astride his carabao with the aplomb of a circus rider, this Filipino lad of some 12 years flashed us a bold grin of friendship. Curiosity about the buffalo, as well as the boy, caused three of us Navy radio-men to approach our visitor.

"Hi'ya kid," called Regan. "What'll you take for the nag?"

The knowing smile on the boyish face should have warned us that we had met a shrewd individual. Even his first remark was revealing:

"Me, Jesus, will sell American carabao for 500 pesos."

Liberated from the Japanese scarcely three months, this Filipino lad had already learned that the American GI was an easy touch.

Something about this boy attracted me. His flashing smile couldn't conceal the sadness in his eyes. Almost without planning it, I set about trying to win his friendship. The chocolate bar I gave him provided the opening wedge. Immediately he applied for the position as my houseboy.

A tent in the Leyte jungle, containing three mosquito-netted cots and three makeshift lockers, wasn't too conducive to the services of a Filipino houseboy. I tried to explain this to Jesus, but his native-wise mind was two jumps ahead

of me. Very tactfully he took charge, and our tent soon became the envy of the camp.

This ingenious brown-skinned boy used bamboo to form a frame around the tent, fastening the flaps so that the rain couldn't blow in. Bamboo was used to make a bridge from our tent across a little stream, fed by the daily rains. But the crowning achievement was his bamboo platform under our primitive but efficient shower.

I think it was the boy's inherent manners, cleanliness and amiable nature that made me admire him so much. Yet I had to guard my admiration carefully when it came to giving him clothing or pencils and paper, which Filipino school children prized highly at the time. Jesus had pride. He was offended when he thought I was giving him something he had not earned.

I never learned his last name. He might have told me what it was during those early days of our friendship, but I never thought to ask. However, I often tried to engage him in conversation. Many weeks were required to get his story, but bit by bit he pieced it together. That is, all except those personal points about Jesus himself. These were told me by the people who knew him in the village of San Pablo.

A leader at school, he had shown remarkable ability for languages—English and Japanese—and he had one of the finest singing voices on the island. This was unbelievable to us. We had often heard him whistle while he was busy around the tent, but he never sang.

When the mayor of San Pablo, who had often used Jesus on pro-

grams in the village, told me about his voice, I promptly asked why the boy never sang for us.

"Jesus tell you that," the mayor replied with finality.

Thus I launched another campaign. I had to hear that boy sing. But bribery was out. So I began by inviting him to camp during the evenings that I was free.

We exchanged ideas about games, cockfighting, President Lincoln—about whom Jesus knew more than I did—and finally got around to songs. I sang *America the Beautiful* and tried to explain the words. Then I asked him if he knew *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

His affirmative answer surprised me, but my hopes were short-lived when he remained silent at my request to sing it together.

So I shifted the conversation to the war and his life under the Japanese. This raised the spark I was seeking. But it almost gave me more than I had bargained for.

With reluctance, Jesus told me that when he wasn't working at our camp, his father made him sell tuba, a native whisky, to American soldiers—but his heart wasn't in it. An American missionary had taught him that whisky was an evil thing. He never forgot it. I assured him that the fact he sold whisky wouldn't turn us against him, but he was hard to convince. He became talkative, however, and without emotion—except in his eyes—told me about the death of his mother.

Attracted by the whisky his father made, two Jap officers had moved into the house where Jesus and his parents lived. They were kind enough at first, but as time went on they began to give orders.

They sent the boy to peddle whisky every day; the mother to the airfield to pull grass from the runways; the father to his whisky still.

Things ran smoothly until the day the mother became ill. She was unable to go to the airstrip and pull grass. The two officers drove her from bed and sent her staggering toward the field.

She went as far as she could, and then fell to the ground. Incensed with rage, the drink-crazed officers shouted orders to move on. She couldn't. Quickly one of them raised his gun and emptied it into the inert form.

Jesus and his father were both witnesses. From that moment they had but one desire—to avenge the murder. They plotted it as they buried the body that night.

The war was going against the Japs. The officers were drinking more and more *tuba*. The father made his whisky stronger and stronger. Finally the moment came. Both officers were in a drunken sleep. Two quick strokes with a machete did the job. The bodies were buried in a carabao wallow, then the man and boy left for another village to await liberation.

I watched Jesus intently as he

finished his story, seeking some indication of what my next move should be. But the boy gave no sign. We sat silent for some minutes until I heard him humming a very familiar melody.

"Sing it, Jesus," I begged. "Sing it just once."

"Okay, Carlos," he replied with a smile that was so big you would have thought his every moment was a happy one.

I shall never forget that song—*The Star-Spangled Banner*, sung by a Filipino boy with a voice so clear and true the highest notes were reached with perfect ease. The dictation was a bit faulty but the melody was flawless. Later on, the mayor described it better when he said: "Jesus have pitch true voice."

In a note appended to this article, the author writes: "Many times since the end of the war, I have tried to learn the whereabouts of the Filipino boy but without success. Letters to the mayor and several villagers of San Pablo, Leyte, Philippine Islands, all of whom were acquainted with the boy, have been unavailing. Information from any of CORONET's readers concerning this lad—who would now be about 16 years old—will be deeply appreciated. Please address: Charles Russell, 1910 Whitis Avenue, Austin, Texas."

Side Light



on MacArthur

JOE E. BROWN RELATES that in the course of his tours in the Pacific during the war he was thrilled one day by the prospect of being photographed with General Douglas MacArthur.

When the two men had finally

been brought together for the picture, Brown could not help but exclaim, "What an honor!"

The General explained: "This picture is for my little son, Joe. He wants his dad photographed with a celebrity." —*South Pacific Mail*

Americans Never Stop Giving

by HENRY LEE

At home or abroad, wherever people need help, they can count on our generosity

 **L**AST SUMMER, an eight-year-old boy groped timidly to the bandstand at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, and asked if he could appear on the program of amateur singers. "I just *like* to sing," he explained. The words sounded somewhat strange, since he was blind.

Sorry, the master of ceremonies told him gently, the entries were closed. The boy sat near the stage, his sightless eyes directed wistfully toward the performers. At the end, the M.C. unexpectedly called to him. With smiling face, the boy got up and sang two songs. Then he bowed and started to leave.

The gallantry of a youngster who had to walk with a cane but kept song in his heart touched that summer night's audience of carefree vacationists and New England townsfolk. Suddenly a man elbowed forward with a \$5 bill in hand. "Give this to the boy," he said. "I've got a blind boy myself and know what it means."

With the instinctive reaction of Americans when their hearts are touched, people who didn't want their names or pictures in the papers crowded around the bandstand. Coins and bills to a total of \$402 were pressed on the wonder-

ing little boy who had asked for nothing except a chance to sing.

The biggest, happiest night in the life of eight-year-old Maurice Paradise was no rare instance of public generosity. For the poor and the sick, for people in trouble or want anywhere, America always wears its heart on its sleeve. Perhaps the gesture is merely a lift for a couple of hitchhikers, and yet—simple and friendly as that act may be—you don't often see it in any other country.

Not long ago, Etienne Bjorkval-Garde, four-year-old Norwegian boy, was alone and in trouble in New York City. He had flown the Atlantic to join his mother and stepfather in San Francisco; but domestic air regulations required that he have a chaperone on the American leg of his flight.

A call was sent out for baby sitters, and not one but 43 grinning football players answered. The Brooklyn Dodgers' eleven had chartered a plane for a game with the San Francisco Forty-Niners. They said, "Sure, give us the kid." Etienne had a more exciting time than crossing the Atlantic.

On farms and in cities, among rich and poor alike, there is prompt reaction to trouble, big or small. In

Oklahoma, a twister flattens a ranch house, and almost before it has whirled into the distance the neighbors are on hand. The women bring food and arrange shelter; the men pry in the wreckage and tell the dazed rancher, "Guess tomorrow we can clear up this mess and help you to build again."

In Maine, a farmer breaks his leg at harvest time. Taciturn and shy neighbors for a dozen miles around get in the crops and then drop by the house to tell him casually that there's nothing to worry about. They'll see that the stock is watered, too.

You find generosity in the tenements of New York, Chicago and San Francisco, where people live in overcrowded quarters. Yet when fire or a broken water main leaves a family homeless, the people upstairs or across the street find room for them in three-room apartments.

From Roselle Park, New Jersey, comes the same simple, inspiring story of a helping hand. When the town heard that 18-month-old Donald Young was dangerously ill from nephrosis, the whole community turned its cellars and attics upside down for wastepaper, the sales proceeds to go to Donald.

Business firms donated trucks, and white-collar workers, policemen and firemen volunteered to drive. In one day, Roselle Park collected, bundled and transported 50 tons of paper, valued at \$35 a ton. In addition, there was \$1,000 in cash from those who couldn't participate physically. All told, Donald was assured enough money to obtain a two-months' supply of a costly, vital serum.

In Anchorage, Kentucky, bad

luck had plagued the Seward family for years. There were five children: one of them, blonde, five-year-old Joyce Marie, had been blind since birth. Then the neighbors learned that Mrs. Seward was expecting a sixth child. The day after it was born, her husband Andrew was killed in a truck explosion.

Quietly the neighbors went from home to home collecting funds. Then amateur entertainers were enlisted. Two minstrel shows were put on, the proceeds going into an eye fund for Joyce Marie. One of the greatest eye surgeons in the country performed a delicate operation—and for the first time in her life, Joyce Marie could see!

At Fort McAndrew, an Air Force base in Newfoundland, two technical sergeants noticed nine-year-old Marian Hawco hobbling around on crutches. She was a polio cripple, and with seven other children to support, her father, a civilian employee, couldn't afford costly treatments. That was enough for the sergeants. Through enlisted men, officers, civilian workers and their base organizations, they raised \$4,300. Marian was flown to the States, so that she could be treated at Warm Springs, Georgia.

Just before Christmas last year, six-year-old Carol Louise Sabine died when fire destroyed the Sabine home at Holtsville, New York. Carol's father, George Sabine, a retired New York policeman, is special policeman at an atom-research laboratory at Upton, Long Island. When fellow workers at the Brookhaven National Laboratory heard of Sabine's misfortune, they went into action—fast!

Through the Brookhaven Em-

ployees Recreation Association, they started a fund which in three weeks totaled \$1,000. Meanwhile, laboratory officials gave the Sabine family temporary shelter in an apartment in a former barracks building. Then, when they learned of Sabine's plan to build a new home, offers of voluntary labor started pouring in.

Laboratory personnel drafted plans for the new house, ironed out construction details, organized a volunteer labor squad of 250 men, and undertook the task of expediting materials. Less than a month after the fire, the first volunteer workers were on the job removing debris and preparing the site for the new building.

THERE ARE PEOPLE who will tell you that New York City is a cold and heartless city. But Isadore Blank, doorman at a swank apartment building, would not have agreed. Blank, a friendly and obliging doorman, watched the baby carriages, kept an eye on children and looked out for the pets of his 62 families.

Then he was stricken with pemphigus, a rare skin disease. Desperately he needed round-the-clock private nursing at a cost of \$27 daily, but where does a doorman get that kind of money?

The tenants in the apartment house passed the hat, just the way

it is done in lodges and clubs in small towns, and raised hundreds of dollars. It was enough to get nursing care for Blank.

With that same democratic gesture of give-what-you-can, Americans are helping the Old World build anew from the wreckage of war. The young people of Dauphin Way Methodist Church, in Mobile, Alabama, have even penetrated the Iron Curtain with their good work. By sending clothing, food, books and personal messages, they sustain hope for 400 members of the Methodist Church in Lodz, Poland. It is, they say, an "infiltration through charity and love."

Another young American—pretty, 21-year-old Betty Jane Holder of New Orleans—"adopted" war-stricken Mouleydier, France, while studying at the University of Alabama. Leading a campus drive, she collected \$500 and later sent 6,000 pounds of food and clothing to the French village. Finally, she flew the Atlantic to talk to the friends she had made during almost two years of long-distance giving.

And then there are the 19 students from Mennonite colleges in the U. S. who spent their summer vacation touring England and the Continent. Despite their crowded itinerary, they spent five weeks at hard labor clearing rubble for a hospital in Hamburg and helping renovate a Frankfurt castle for use as a Christian youth center.

A little weekly church paper in Memphis, Tennessee, summed up the "help for Europe" situation neatly in the following notice: "Found—a plastic raincoat. Owner please claim it promptly or some European will be wearing it soon."



“One-Man Marshall Plan” for Finland

BASIL ROBERT MCALLISTER, aged 43 and somewhat shy-spoken, is a capitalist banker in a big American city, and so in Leftist eyes his charity is suspect. At the Finnish Pavilion in the New York World's Fair, McAllister made several foreign friends whom he remembered with food during the Russo-Finnish war. He remembered them again when parcel post to Finland was resumed in 1945.

During the past three years, he

has helped 25 Finnish families and their children. When they told him there was a milk shortage, he sent 500 pounds of powdered milk, along with other foods, and when he had a chance to fly to Scandinavia, he was hailed as their “one-man Marshall Plan.”

Yes, McAllister is a banker. That is, he is a teller and book-keeper, making \$75 a week, and exhausted his personal savings to help his friends abroad.

Overseas, the wartime GI tradition of being quick on the draw with the wallet is still being observed. Not long ago, a group of Army officers in Manila discovered that their houseboy had one burning ambition. Abraham Paler, 21, wanted to come to the U. S. and study for the Baptist ministry.

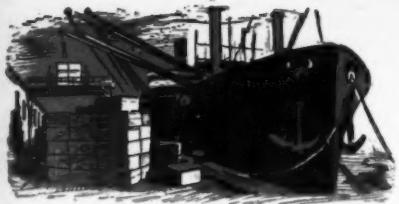
After much investigating and across-the-Pacific arrangements, the officers helped him to obtain a four-year scholarship at Eastern New Mexico College, and a two-year seminary scholarship, provided by the Woman's Missionary Union. But there was still the question of raising \$440 for his passage. So, in an Army chapel, a little Protestant congregation of military men collected the funds to buy Abraham's ticket.

These individual gestures come from people whose taxes have multiplied since the war began, and whose government distributes billions in the war-ravaged sectors with unparalleled generosity. In Geneva,

last year, the United Nations revealed how much the more fortunate countries have helped the weaker ones since the war ended. The U. S. handed out almost \$7 in every \$10 of aid—a scarcely comprehensible total of \$16,160,000,000.

Great Britain, second-largest contributor, gave \$2,450,000,000. But the author of the “Uncle Shylock” libel—Soviet Russia—handed out a modest \$478,000,000 (less than Canada, Argentina or Sweden), and that in the form of a government loan to satellite Poland.

In drawing up the tally sheet, UN included aid given by governmental and intergovernmental agencies and private corporations. Yet expenditures of such agencies as the International Children's Emergency Fund and IRO were excluded. Nor was a \$3,662,000,000 UNNRA contribution (mostly from the U. S.) mentioned, or bond purchases of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, or subscriptions to the International



Monetary Fund, all supported by our government. Even the colossal European Recovery Program was included only in the first monthly allocations!

No balance sheet of our humanitarianism can be accurately drawn, for it expands with each new headline of misery and need. And how could UN accurately assess organizations like the Dunkirk Society, a grass-roots group which has already raised \$435,000 in supplies for the people of Poland, for Dunkerque, France, and for Anzio, Italy?

The idea was born soon after the war in the little Lake Erie community of Dunkirk, N. Y. To help its namesake in France, Dunkirk enlisted local bankers, clergymen, storekeepers, farmers and housewives in personalized giving for France. The plan caught on, and here and there across America other towns began sending cash, food, machinery and—best of all—encouragement to sister towns across the Atlantic. Today, some 200 towns have adopted foreign communities or are planning to do so.

Such a spectacular program is only one reflection of the countless unpublicized gifts from people of good will throughout the U. S. As soon as the war ended, Americans began pouring treasure overseas to friends and relatives on an *individual* basis. The first postwar year, 1946, an estimated \$296,900,000 went

abroad in cash, plus \$125,500,000 in gift parcels.

In 1947, Europe obtained more than 23,000,000 parcels delivered through CARE and the mails, plus \$120,000,000 in remittances, plus \$250,000,000 cash-and-goods from private relief organizations!

In fact, as you try to visualize the immense flood of charity that pours out of America, it seems inconceivable that a nation which made war expenditures of \$330,000,000,000, which lost nearly 300,000 lives, could maintain a helping hand in postwar years. Yet we have done it—and are doing it—without forgetting our needy at home.

With our Community Chests trying to raise some \$170,000,000, with hospitals, orphanages and similar institutions constantly increasing their budgets to meet inflationary costs, America's heart does not seem to be strained by giving, but reaches out to give more. The gesture—charity, generosity, philanthropy, call it what you will—does not always concern the pocketbook. Many times, it is a kindly donation of time or thought.

In courts everywhere, lawyers take turns in defending penniless clients; in hospitals and clinics, doctors serve without charge. Recently, in one city, more than 400 physicians and dentists agreed to give free service to men on strike and to their families.

Sometimes the gesture is simple friendliness. A girl bedridden for years by rheumatic fever awoke one Saint Valentine's Day in Chicago to find 64,000 Valentines at her door. A newscaster had told her story over the air.

Sometimes the gesture involves

lavish giving, as in the case of Gus Barbush, once an immigrant dishwasher. Gus read that the little community of Langeloth, Pennsylvania, would probably become a ghost town because the local zinc industry was closing down.

Gus knew some of the 1,300 residents and worried about them. So he decided to save the community. A man of means, he was able to negotiate a \$200,000 loan from a near-by bank and then paid a reputed \$500,000 to the zinc company for 261 houses, a park and a water company.

"It could only happen in this country," he says. And 1,300 people fervently agree.

Sometimes, a gesture of generosity achieves a kind of immortality. Back in 1772, "Baron" William Henry Stiegel, founder of an iron and glassmaking industry, deeded land to little Zion Lutheran Church in Manheim, Pennsylvania. The gift was accompanied by this unusual proviso:

"In the month of June yearly forever hereafter, the rent of one

red rose, if the same shall be lawfully demanded."

In June, 1948, one of Stiegel's descendants "demanded" the rent, and the small brick church in Lancaster County was fragrant with hundreds of red roses as one was picked from a Colonial glass and handed to the legal recipient.

At Lafayette College, in Easton, Pennsylvania, a 23-year-old ex-Kamikaze pilot is getting a free, democratic education because a young American soldier, Robert Johnstone, went to his death with good will in his heart. Before he fell in the Philippines, Johnstone had willed his \$10,000 GI insurance to educate one of his Japanese enemies in American ways.

Never before have so many accomplished so much good on so great a scale. In the face of the world's need, all our billions in gifts, all our little gestures, are none too much. Yet millions of men, women and children know that America—in the future as in the past—will never stop giving as long as need exists at home or abroad.

Point of View



WHEN A YOUNG MAN from the country came to town to visit relatives, they gave him the works, showing him everything around Manhattan that was calculated to take one's breath away. They took him to Radio City Music Hall, but

he never batted an eye at the size and luxury of the place.

The sunburst ceiling left him cold; the orchestra came up out of the floor, and he said nothing; a regiment of female legs danced across an acre of stage, and he was not interested. In fact, he seemed bored, and began looking up toward the balcony.

Finally he spoke. "My," he marveled, "this place sure would hold a lot of hay!" —*Tales of Hoffman*



Size is just one of the claims to fame of a vast educational plant dedicated to scholarship, research and public service

CALIFORNIA: *The World's Largest University*

by ANDREW HAMILTON

THE EX-NAVY TAIL-GUNNER cocked an ear in the direction of the history professor and fiddled with a tape recorder. One of his 900 classmates leaned over and whispered: "What's up, Mac?"

The former bluejacket, now a University of California sophomore, replied: "Can't waste time taking notes. I'll just play this back before the next exam."

In a Buck Rogerish diving suit, a serious young graduate student stalked with leaden steps along the muddy bottom of the Pacific. He was picking agar-agar, sometimes called "deep sea alfalfa," to take back to the laboratory.

The 43-year-old wife of a U. S. Forest Service lookout atop a lofty Sierra Nevada peak spotted a string of pack mules toiling up the trail. "Oh, Joe," she called to her hus-

band, "here comes the next batch of University Extension lessons!"

These are just three of the University of California's tremendous enrollment of 43,500 regular and 200,000 part-time class and correspondence students. To meet the needs of this education-hungry throng, the university maintains eight campuses (the northernmost and southernmost as far apart, geographically, as Harvard and the University of Virginia), a faculty of some 3,200 scholars and scientists, 1,500 administrative staff members and 9,000 other full or part-time employees.

It has more than 50 colleges, schools and research institutes, several hundred departments, and more than 2,000 individual courses. Textbooks and lessons are disseminated throughout the state in a network as wide as the U. S. postal system in California. Currently, this whopping educational program is being administered under an

expenditure that is fast approaching \$90,000,000 a year.

All of which provides Californians with yet another superlative for the Golden State: namely that the University of California, in terms of regular students, faculty, number of campuses and size of budget, is "the world's largest university." More than one alumnus carries in his wallet a clipping from a national news magazine which recently listed Harvard, Chicago, Columbia and California as America's "four best" universities.

It takes a big man to run a big institution, and the University of California has him in Robert Gordon Sproul. A native Californian, he stands six feet three inches tall, weighs more than 200 pounds, and possesses a Paul Bunyan-like voice that makes the hills ring.

His son, Bob, Jr., smiles as he says: "Leopold Stokowski once told Dad he had a fine voice. He's never gotten over it."

When Sproul, at 29, became comptroller of the University, his booming baritone and breezy methods sometimes annoyed California's crotchety old astronomer-president, William Wallace Campbell. Once, hearing Sproul's leather-lunged voice in an adjoining office, Campbell demanded to know what the comptroller was up to.

Told that Sproul was talking to San Francisco, the old man snapped: "Well, why doesn't somebody tell him to use the phone?"

Sproul is a new type of university administrator—one who can handle dollars as well as scholars. His background of engineering and business administration qualifies him to handle the affairs of an

institution as large and as complex as U. S. Steel or General Electric.

Since 1930, when he became president, his big voice and hearty manner have persuaded the California Legislature to provide millions for the far-flung university, urged hundreds of Eastern scholars and scientists to come West, and convinced Federal and private agencies to grant vast research funds to his Pacific Coast school.

U. C. HAS REACHED its present size and eminence in a little more than eight decades. Established in 1869 at Berkeley, across the blue waters of San Francisco Bay, the young institution grew like a sturdy sequoia and thrust out branches all over the state. Today, Berkeley and Los Angeles are the university's two largest campuses.

Berkeley alone has an enrollment of 23,000 full-time students. Its neoclassic, white-granite buildings, set among eucalyptus trees and rhododendrons on a beautiful 400-acre campus looking toward the Golden Gate, are the center of administrative control for the state-wide system.

The Los Angeles campus (14,500 students) was once officially and humiliatingly known as "the Southern Branch." In 1927, aroused alumni petitioned to have this changed to the University of California at Los Angeles. Twenty years ago, its present site in Westwood Hills was a lonely beanfield. Today, its 390 acres are dotted with red-brick Romanesque buildings and scores of temporary Army barracks.

In wrestling with problems like huge enrollments, providing ade-

quate housing facilities, solving traffic problems, developing social and cultural contacts, and counseling students on the best educational and vocational preparation, the University of California may be cutting a new pattern for all of America's higher education.

Largest campus group is a 950-student world-affairs class held in Wheeler Hall on the Berkeley campus. The smallest is one lone student at the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton. Insofar as is possible, the University tries to keep all its classes small. A survey not long ago showed that the *average* class is composed of 32 students.

"Anyway," editorialized the San Francisco *Chronicle* recently, "isn't it better for college students to sit within fifty feet of a great man than to be within five feet of an ordinary one?"

About three-fourths of the students who converge on the campuses each morning by car, streetcar, bus and shoe leather are home-grown. As such, they represent a cross section of the state's population: students from wealthy homes in Pasadena, Montecito and Burlingame; shipyard-workers' sons from Richmond; oil-workers' daughters from Bakersfield; young men and women from agricultural communities like Brawley, Watsonville, Fresno. The other 25 per cent are from every part of the U. S. and 44 foreign countries. The university encourages this mingling of geographic backgrounds, colors, religions and languages to increase tolerance and understanding.

The wife of a faculty member recently welcomed a robed and

turbaned young Arab at a freshman reception. Next time she saw him, he was wearing slacks, saddle shoes and an open sports shirt.

"It was quite a break—but I made it!" he grinned.

U. C. has been no political beanbag, as some other state colleges have been. Although the university is involved in scores of measures each year, the Legislature maintains a "hands off" policy. This is partly due to the fact that the California Constitution makes it difficult to do otherwise, partly because approximately one-third of the 120 legislators are themselves U.C. alumni.

"We see to it," one of them remarked recently, "that politicians don't get their sticky fingers on the university."

Sproul's role in running the eight-campus institution has been described as that of prime minister. He charts the day-to-day administration, but is guided by the Regents and the Academic Senate in mapping long-range goals. He spends as much time as possible visiting all the campuses, and is quick to quench talk of "separatism."

Hotheaded alumni at U. C. L. A., for example, sometimes dream of cutting ties with Berkeley and launching out as a separate institution. But, Sproul says, look at Oregon, Colorado and several other states where a number of institutions are scrabbling for funds, none of them receiving the treatment that the unified University of California gets.

U. C. has largely achieved its place in the upper strata of American universities during the past 19



years. This is because Sproul has kept the university aimed straight at the two beacons of higher education: scholarship and research.

For example, Sproul thoroughly enjoys football. When teams from Berkeley and U. C. L. A. meet in their annual "civil war," Sproul sits first on one side and then the other—getting a big cheer when he crosses the field at half time.

"But," he says, "at California we prefer to have students playing at athletics, rather than athletes playing at studies."

IN THE EARLY DAYS, Yale and Harvard contributed a number of younger faculty members to the burgeoning U. C. Since then, there has been a steady stream of top scholars and scientists who have heeded the educational call, "Come West, Young Man!"

Recently, a psychology professor at an Eastern university had a choice between accepting a new job at a Midwestern university or at U. C. L. A. Since the latter appointment paid about \$2,000 a year less, he asked advice of friends.

"By all means take the U. C. L. A. job," they told him. "That's the coming school of America!"

Probably more significant research—both pure and applied—is done at U. C. than anywhere else in the world. The Army, Navy and Air Force have contracts amounting to millions of dollars in such fields as meteorology, engineering, oceanography and nuclear physics. Other governmental agencies like the U. S. Public Health Service provide huge funds for medical and biological research.

The State of California contrib-

utes several million dollars a year for agricultural studies, while hundreds of private industries provide research grants.

Then there is U. C.'s world-renowned program of atomic research on the Berkeley campus. In the middle 1930s, Prof. Ernest O. Lawrence and a group of youthful colleagues bolted together the world's first atom smasher. This ultimately led to assembling of the atom bomb in the U. C. Scientific Laboratories at Los Alamos, New Mexico. Finally came the blinding cataclysm over Hiroshima.

Hand in hand with this vast program of research goes the university's program of public service. The College of Agriculture helps the state's 140,000 farmers to produce bigger and better crops. On the Berkeley campus, a Bureau of Governmental Research assists state legislators in framing bills that affect the people's welfare. At Los Angeles, a vast musical library is available to schools, orchestras and music groups. An Institute of Industrial Relations is helping California labor and management to maintain peace.

Agricultural engineers at Davis have invented a walnut sheller that pops open hulls with an explosive gas. From Riverside, insect experts comb the world looking for "bugs that will kill bugs" and thus help farmers. At U. C. L. A., meteorologists are helping to study the "smog" problem in Los Angeles. In fact, there is hardly any phase of California's agricultural, economic, social, scientific or political life in which the gigantic institution does not play a part.

What about the world's largest

university—is it destined to grow even bigger?

"Yes, I'm afraid so," says Dr. Sproul. "A careful report last year showed that U. C. could expect 60,000 students by 1960. We hope to limit enrollment at Los Angeles and Berkeley to 20,000 each, and to expand liberal-arts instruction at Davis and Riverside."

Governor Warren—who is one of Sproul's old college chums—has seen to it that the university has a building fund of \$109,000,000 for construction on all campuses. But scores of new buildings won't solve the problems of higher education. Sproul sees a time when the university, with its research facilities, may concentrate more on junior, senior and graduate students—leav-

ing the education of freshmen and sophomores primarily to junior institutions.

"We have too many students today," he says. "Many would be happier and of more use to society if they attended junior colleges and learned a profession or trade. Then, those who were qualified and had the desire to do so, could come to U. C. later."

Meanwhile, the university keeps growing in size and importance. Californians boast about it in the same good-natured way that they boast of their climate, their redwoods and their mountains. And yet, like those other wonders, the real thing is perhaps even more impressive than all the grandiloquent words that are said about it.



Manhattan Vignette

THE COUPLE WHO boarded the Fifth Avenue bus might have stepped from any of the sleek apartment houses facing Central Park. In their comfortable mid-fifties, the man was handsome and tailored, the woman smartly dressed and pretty. They took the only two vacant seats on the bus—the woman beside me on the aisle, the man in front of her.

As the bus neared the Plaza, the man turned a beaming face back to her: "Now, Mother," he said, "you keep your eyes open and watch out the window. We're going all the way downtown, all the way to Washington Square, and we're going to pass some pretty interesting sights. You'll see Rockefeller Center, that I told you about, and the Empire State Build-

ing, and I don't know what all. This here is the Plaza Hotel we're coming to—one of the ritziest."

I turned to the woman. "Wouldn't you like to change seats with me?" I said. "You can see better, and it's not new to me."

Placing her hand gently on my arm, she said in a high, clear voice, for all to hear: "My dear man, my husband and I have been living in New York for 28 years. This is his idea of humor. Thank you so much, but I'll sit right here."

A ripple of laughter began with the bus driver and blew like a breeze through the bus. As we rumbled toward Washington Square, the woman and I sat quietly watching rich reds and delicate pinks play over the back of her husband's neck, just above the immaculate collar. —W.M.J.

I Believe in PRAYER

by CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER

A distinguished American recalls the "experiences of God" that have marked his life

THREE ARE A LOT of things about the human mind and soul that we don't know much about. We get glimpses of them when, in times of danger or suffering, we cross over the line of ordinary thought.

As I roared down the last stretch in an auto race years ago, I felt I could control that machine with my mind, that I could hold it together with my mind, and that if it finally collapsed I could run it with my mind. It was a feeling of complete mastery, of supreme confidence. But it was real.

If I had said such a thing then, friends would have called me crazy. Even now I can't explain it. But I believe that if you think disaster, you will get it. Brood about death,

and you hasten your demise. Think positively and masterfully, with confidence and faith, and life becomes richer in achievement and experience.

Perhaps such things as the control of mind over matter and the transmission of thought waves are tied up together, part of something so big we haven't grasped it yet. It's part of us and part of the Something that is looking after us. It's one of the things that make me believe in personal protection and in life after death.

Several years ago I was flying to Chicago in December, and the weather was miserable. There was a lot of fog and ice. We suddenly lost the radio beam. For a long time we cruised back and forth, trying to pick it up. Our two-way radio went out, and we lost all communication with the world. For seven hours we flew—where, we didn't know.

Darkness was coming on. Then, suddenly, we saw a break in the murk. The pilot brought the ship down to within 100 feet, and we could see lights flashing on a four-lane highway.

"It must be going from some place to some place," I reasoned,



and we followed the highway for some distance. Then we saw a red glow off to the right, headed for it, and saw a river gleaming. We flew up that river, and out of the dusk of winter sprang a town—Toledo! Skimming the roofs, we landed at the airport a moment later. We had just enough gas left for 11 minutes of flight.

We had flown blind, it is true—but we were on a beam, just the same. I like to think it was the “Big Radio” that kept us going—the Thing that keeps all of us flying safely through the fog and night, toward some mysterious and important goal.

The “Big Radio” is a two-way job. You’ve got to keep tuned to It, and you have to talk back. I believe in prayer. I learned to pray at my mother’s knee.

One day, during World War I, with only one magneto on my Newport biplane functioning, I was attacked by three German Albatross planes. I came out of a dive so fast, the pressure collapsed my right-hand upper wing. No matter what I tried, I couldn’t come out of that whirl of death. I often wish I could think as fast under normal conditions as I did during that drop.

While I fought the controls and tried to get the engine going, I saw all the good and bad things I had ever done, and most of them were bad. Then I began to pray. “Oh, God,” I said, “help me get out of this!”

As a last desperate act, I threw my weight to the left-hand side over the cockpit and jammed the controls, then opened the engine wide. The thing suddenly sputtered and vibrated violently, and I sailed

away on one good wing for France.

This escape and others I have had were not the result of any superability or superknowledge on my part. I wouldn’t be alive if I had to depend on that. I realized then, as I headed for France on one wing, that there had to be Something Else. I had seen others die—brighter and more able than I. I knew there was a Power. I believe in calling upon It for help.

On a rainy night in February, 1941, I had the worst accident of my life. As I look back on those agonizing days in the hospital, I realize it was a test and a preparation for what was to follow. In the four months I lay in that hospital, I did more thinking about life and death than I had ever done before.

Twenty-one months later, I was adrift in an open lifeboat with seven other starving men, most of them so young they needed the strength and understanding of a man who had been down in the valley of the shadow, who had suffered and made sense out of his suffering. To those men I was able to bring the essence of the religion and philosophy I had distilled in the hospital.

Once I almost died from a throat hemorrhage. “Here,” I said to myself, “is death.”

It dawned upon me that the easiest thing in the world is to die; the hardest is to live. Dying was a sensuous pleasure; living was a grim task. In that moment I chose to live. I knew from experience that abandonment to death was a sin. I was quitting. I had work to do, others to serve.

Many things came to me. I realized I wasn’t afraid to die, be-

cause I have lived so much in good ways and bad that I no longer feel the youthful pang of not having lived at all. I knew only the sorrow of being unable any more to help others. And when I finally came around, I saw life and death and the meaning of the Golden Rule more clearly than ever before.

I took that clarity with me to the rubber raft in the South Pacific after our plane crashed. I shall not recount that story again. I merely want to tell you the meaning of it. Of the eight men in those three rafts, I alone never lost faith that we would be picked up. Throughout those 21 days of blistering sun

and nights of ghastly chill, we were adrift for a purpose. I saw life had no meaning except in terms of helping others.

Recently, in a rehabilitation hospital, I addressed a group of disabled veterans. Many were discouraged; the future looked dark and unpromising. I knew how they felt . . . I too had been through a lot, but had found a secret which brought me through, and I urged them to find the same secret.

I said, "If you have not had an experience of God in your life, my advice is to get busy and get yourself one." For that is the sure way to win victories over inner defeat.



The School Brigade

AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD boy proudly took home the masterpiece he had produced that afternoon in art class at school—a stag in raspberry pink, with one blue antler, the other yellow.

"It's very nice," he was told by his rather fussy aunt, "but people just don't see stags with one blue antler and one yellow antler, and a pink body."

The little boy gazed soberly at his painting and replied seriously and sincerely, "Isn't that too bad!"

—*Capper's Weekly*

MARY JANE, AGED SIX, was looking at photographs of her parents' wedding. Her father described the ceremony and tried to explain its meaning. Suddenly the light dawned.

"Oh!" Mary Jane exclaimed. "Is that when you got mother to come to work for us?"

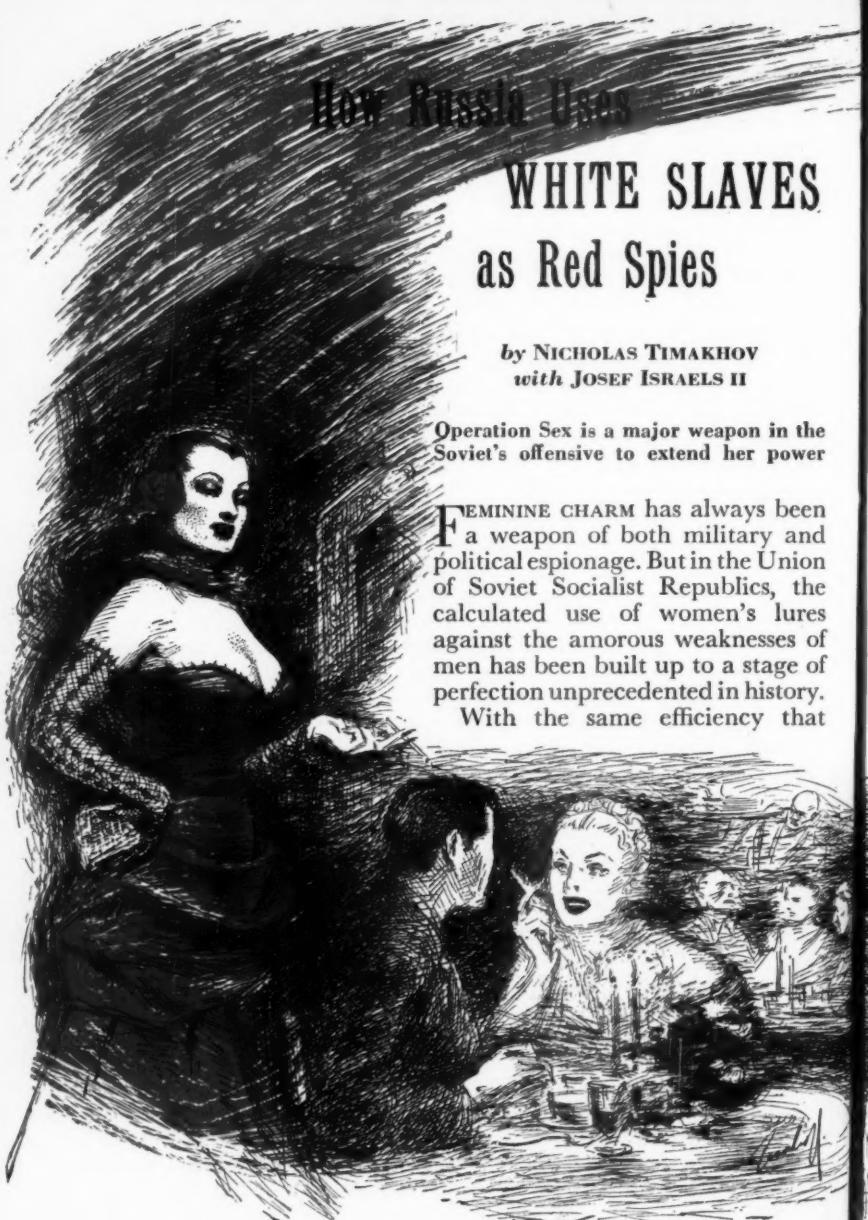
—*Times-Picayune Magazine*

LITTLE EDDIE WAS almost through his nightly prayer. "Bless my papa, bless my mamma, bless Aunt Jenny, and please make St. Louis the capital of Missouri. Amen," he concluded.

"Why, Eddie!" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked. "Why on earth did you say such a thing?"

"Because," explained Eddie, snuggling down under his blanket, "I put that on my examination paper today."

—*Sunshine*



How Russia Uses

WHITE SLAVES as Red Spies

by NICHOLAS TIMAKHOV
with JOSEF ISRAELS II

Operation Sex is a major weapon in the
Soviet's offensive to extend her power

FEMININE CHARM has always been a weapon of both military and political espionage. But in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the calculated use of women's lures against the amorous weaknesses of men has been built up to a stage of perfection unprecedented in history.

With the same efficiency that

the Soviet state has brought to bear on the organization of oppression, a huge corps of white slaves has been created, trained and carefully placed in the most sensitive spots both within and without Russia. Their operations, in the boudoir, office and factory, have caused the downfall of more hundreds of Soviet officials and functionaries than anyone outside the MVD (Russia's Secret police) will ever know.

Because women in business, and more especially in the personal life of men, have entree to the most intimate thoughts and actions of the so-called stronger sex, the Russian spy masters have found it both practical and ethical to place double-crossing feminine betrayers in every niche of Soviet life.

During the excitement at the Soviet Consulate in New York City last year, following the sensational escape from custody of the school-teacher Kasenkina, those who know Red methods were interested in the frenzied maneuvers of Consul-

General Lomakin's beautiful dark-haired "secretary," identified as Zina Ivanova. She was constantly at Lomakin's side, day and night, as he sped to Police Headquarters, to Kasenkina's hospital room, to Soviet UN headquarters in a Park Avenue mansion, and to other Russian offices on Long Island.

Observers noted that Zina was within eye and earshot of Lomakin or his assistant Chepurnykh at every moment. And when the consuls, their credentials canceled, sailed for home, Zina did too. Lomakin and Chepurnykh were swallowed up in the Kremlin. There they unquestionably had their erstwhile "secretary" to answer to. She was clearly an MVD representative placed where she could watch and tell.

In Moscow itself, foreign diplomats or newspapermen are always conscious of the use of pretty, intelligent "secretaries" in spying on Russians and outsiders alike. It was one of the many attractive "Metropole girls," named for Moscow's one luxury hotel, who married, in turn, two American soldiers, both, significantly, code clerks attached to the U. S. military attaché.

The first husband changed his mind and returned to Binghamton, New York, where he sought a divorce from the chic and clever Galina Dunaieva of Moscow. Her second bridegroom deserted the American forces and has vanished into the Soviet Union.

TO UNDERSTAND JUST WHY both foreigners and Soviet officials are so susceptible to seductive attacks, one must know the conditions under which life is lived in police-ruled Russia. Russians have no choice of



business or personal associates, and while they may be suspicious of a charmer planted at the next desk, in a government bureau or a factory, they dare not make any countermove lest they be suspected of concealing something from the omnipresent MVD.

In the case of foreigners who live in Moscow, it is only natural that they should rise to the bait of feminine charms dangled before their eyes. They are barred from normal contacts with Russian friends. They know that only with specific permission from the political police can a Soviet citizen risk being seen with a foreigner.

But the "Metropole girls" are always invitingly available. They are smartly dressed and vivacious beauties, in striking contrast to the typical dull and drably clothed Russian woman. Hence the foreigner eventually makes up his mind that even suspect female society is better than none. Then it is up to the girl to serve her MVD masters by penetrating his reserve with liquor and sex appeal.

Few Russians in Stalin's time have been allowed the personal build-up which created a wartime Soviet hero out of Marshal Klementy Voroshilov, now a member of the all-powerful Politburo. But not even this eminence made Voroshilov immune from feminine MVD spying into his most intimate and unguarded thoughts.

Thus it came to pass that one of Moscow's loveliest ballerinas singled out the Marshal at a Kremlin party. She told him: "I want only your love, Klim, nothing else."

Soon the ballerina was receiving sumptuous gifts of the sort only a

Marshal can provide in Red Russia. And she provided a brand of young romance that the aging warrior obviously appreciated.

What the MVD wanted to know was whether Voroshilov had any thoughts of capitalizing his personal popularity at the expense of Stalin. The lady consort was ordered to report every move, every word, every thought of her willing victim. The arrangement was finally betrayed by Politburo colleagues who teased Voroshilov about things he had done only in the lady's company. No fool, the Marshal accused his love and extracted a confession from her. Then he did what only a Marshal of the Red Army might get away with.

He marched into the office of the head of the MVD, and gave him a thrashing. The ballerina promptly disappeared from Moscow, an event little noticed in a city where a current joke says: "The most unnatural thing one can do in Moscow is to die a natural death."

Exactly how many similar white slaves the Red Union has in its service, no one outside a few closely guarded offices in the MVD's Lubianka Square headquarters will ever know, but it is in the thousands. Moscow and Leningrad, the only Soviet cities with any degree of sophistication, are the source for most of the supply.

At the Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages, some 300 girls with



"Free Love" as a Communist Weapon

AS AN AMERICAN Communist Party member for ten years, I had ample opportunity to see how sex was adopted as a party "come-on." In Detroit, where I was first admitted to the party's inner circles as an organizer, there were three girls—Sylvia, Helen and Martha—whom we put to good use.

Sylvia, a black-haired beauty, worked days in a cafeteria near a large auto factory. Machinists and assembly mechanics who whistled when she swished past their tables had little difficulty in making dates. But Sylvia—a devoted comrade—struck a hard bargain.

"Take me to a political meeting that I must attend this evening," she would tell them, "and then we'll go out and play."

At the "political meeting," Helen and Martha easily convinced Sylvia's dates that there were "more where she came from." I know of at least 25 naive youths who were hypnotized by these three sirens

into joining the Communist Party.

The same pattern operates wherever Communist cells exist. By practicing "free love," candidates are told, "progressive Americans" are combating the rigid conventions of capitalist society. Men with inferiority complexes are among the easiest victims.

John M—, today a prominent New York Communist, was lured into the Red dragnet through white-slave methods. When I first met him at a neighborhood Communist "sing fest," he was a glowering, misadjusted bookkeeper, shunned by girls because of his grotesque features. But a girl named Judy changed all that. She did not especially like John, but Party loyalty—plus a frank suggestion from her local district leader—encouraged her to entertain him. By the time Judy had moved from his apartment into that of another prospect, John was a confirmed Communist.

—PAUL MURRAY (*pseudonym of a former Communist official who resigned from the Party three years ago*)

a talent for foreign tongues, or those recommended by school principals who are instructed to watch for promising prospects, are admitted each term to a three-year course which begins with French, English and German, and goes on, for selected candidates, to more "special" studies.

Students are soon shown a clear path to what they are convinced is a great chance to serve their country. They are allowed to look through a figurative window into a

world of travel, fine clothes, interesting friendships and torrid love affairs—if they are willing to renounce all personal freedom, go where told, follow orders, and give genuine loyalty only to Stalin.

A typical operation of the MVD girls was that involving an ordnance engineer named Kravnitz, who conducted research work on artillery design which involved top-secret information. Kravnitz was a very serious scientist, absorbed in his work. Returning to his post

from a vacation, he found an attractive, expensively dressed young woman with a three-year-old child as his train partner. Soon he was telling her of his work and worries.

The young lady subtly suggested that since her husband had been killed in the war and she must start life anew, an efficient secretary such as she might be the answer to his office problems. There were kisses in the dark compartment to seal the bargain.

The ordnance engineer and his secretary-mistress lived and worked together for four months. He was closemouthed about his work, but eventually the agent reported that he had "political doubts." What the MVD wanted was an open-and-shut piece of evidence, so she carried out an order to steal a secret blueprint from Kravitz. His reward for befriending the girl and the child, the latter supplied by the MVD to lend credibility to her story, was five years in prison for "improperly guarding secret documents."

THE KRAVNITZ CASE is only one of thousands in Russia. It was time-consuming and costly, but it was done because the powers in the Kremlin trust no one, not even their closest associates. They know that only through constant, terrifying knowledge that your neighbor, your employer, your helper, your own child may be an informer who can cost your life or your freedom, can a nation be held in serfdom.

The sweet girl graduates of Moscow played an important role in the purge trials of 1936-38, when hundreds of high officials and thousands of lesser ones were ruthlessly liquidated for heresies ranging from

alleged dealings with foreign powers to the flimsiest sort of political doubts. In those days, every responsible Soviet official confirmed what most had long suspected—that trusted secretaries had been reporting their every movement and utterance to the Russian secret police for years.

When Russia entered World War II, the existence of the trained supply of female spies was providential for espionage and military intelligence work. Many of the women bravely took on suicidal assignments as spies working with partisans who stayed behind the Nazi lines to sabotage.

These girls faced death at every step. Their principal assignment was to insinuate themselves into liaisons with German officers and relay information to the partisans. They knew that the Germans were cruelly ruthless to spies caught operating in civilian guises behind their lines, but the female agents did much valuable work.

They had their failures, too. Most catastrophic of these was the attempt on Hitler's life at the Kiev airport. This plot to assassinate the Fuehrer was never reported by either the Russians, who were ashamed of its failure, or the Germans, who preferred not to publicize such matters.

In the winter of 1943, Hitler flew to Kiev where the staff of the *Luftwaffe* arranged a gala banquet in a big hangar, one of the few intact buildings at the airport. Several Russian girls employed as airport waitresses were organized under the direction of a high NKVD officer, who also held a menial job under the Germans. The plan was simple:

during dinner the power lines were to be cut. In the darkness a small but powerful bomb was to be thrown into the hall where the Fuehrer sat with his hosts.

Naturally the Gestapo was checking every security detail before Hitler's arrival. One German officer noticed a Russian girl who kept smoothing her voluminous skirt at the back. She was seized and searched. Under her skirt was the bomb, suspended from a waistband. For punishment, every Russian employed at the airfield was shot that very night.

AFTER THE WAR, THE MVD had a use for its female veterans in the "cold" conflict that soon swept all Europe. Inside Russia there was trouble in assuaging members of the Red Army, whose eyes had been opened by what they had seen outside Russia of better living standards and personal freedoms.

Near Budapest, a menace appeared soon after the end of hostilities in 1945. A large remnant of General Vlasov's anti-Soviet Russian army, which had fought for the Nazis, terrorized Red Army occupation units and pillaged the countryside. They seized genuine Red weapons, uniforms and identity documents, making it possible for them to travel about undetected.

But finally the MVD succeeded in springing an ambush for two Vlasov soldiers who were drinking in a Budapest café. Under "examination," they revealed they were led by a lieutenant colonel who was telling his men he "would soon show Moscow what's what."

Obviously the insurgent leaders were not going to be caught by



force or less than subtle methods. But the MVD had Marusia, a competent girl from Kiev, who knew her way around the political shadows of many East European countries. Supplied with plenty of money for smart clothes, and a lovely but dumb companion, Marusia sat around the better cafés, letting it be known she was a Russian deported by the Germans and now on her way home. Soon she became friendly with Russian officers.

Eventually she met a lieutenant who, under the influence of liquor and love, tried to persuade Marusia not to go to Russia but to join him in a trip "in another direction." That was the lead she needed. Promptly she talked the junior officer into taking her to the headquarters of his commander, the lieutenant colonel. Here Marusia transferred her attentions to the leader himself.

After a week of what the lieutenant colonel found very pleasant seclusion with Marusia, she finally asked him to take her dancing. In a suburban street he was seized by MVD men. The Vlasov band was soon broken up, and Marusia was transferred to Poland, where she now attends the better social affairs, keeping a watchful eye on Poles and Russians alike.

Today, with formal occupation succeeded by political domination

in the whole ring of Soviet satellites, the big problem outside Russia itself is keeping tabs on politicians, ex-oppositionists, members of the government and even premiers and cabinet officers in the endless fight to prevent flight to the West. The MVD loses serious face when important men desert—and there have been thousands of such cases.

Only recently in Paris, a Russian UN military attaché began an amorous alliance with what he believed to be a fascinating lady of noble White Russian antecedents. Soon, the young lady was telling him that her one dream was to return to Mother Russia. But she feared to try it because of her aristocratic background.

The young attaché approved such patriotic sentiments. But soon love overcame his own apparent patriotism. He said he cared for the lady far too much to let her believe the Soviet propaganda about life in modern Russia. "Stay away," he warned. "Don't be a fool and trade your freedom for love of a Russia the Bolsheviks have killed."

He himself, he confided, would never return to Moscow. The girl listened sympathetically. Next time her Soviet escort called, two of his colleagues from the Embassy, actually MVD men, stepped out of the

bathroom and made him prisoner. He was quietly bundled into a Russian plane that very day and flown East. Nothing has been heard of him since.

Unquestionably there are thousands of other cases where the white slaves of Stalin's MVD have been used to watch and kiss and tell. Hence, it is time for the world to realize that the Soviet's Operation Sex covers Russia and Western Europe, and is now stretching ever more insidiously into the U. S. and the Far East.

Russian espionage has always used nationals of intended victim States to work against their own peoples. Later, Moscow discards the willing tools, who have learned too much to be of further value.

Sex is a prime weapon of Red infiltration everywhere, and both professionals and amateurs play a role in the campaign to uncover secret information. Every American who possesses knowledge that the Russians would like to share should bear this fact in mind in evaluating a relationship with any woman, whether she be native or foreign-born. Otherwise, he is likely to wake up some day to find himself in a compromising situation from which there is no avenue of escape—except prison or disgrace.

Something Worth Trying



WHEN ASKED WHY Southerners are always so slow and deliberate, a Georgian replied, "Son, it just

doesn't pay to be in a hurry. You always pass up much more than you can catch up with." —*Swing*

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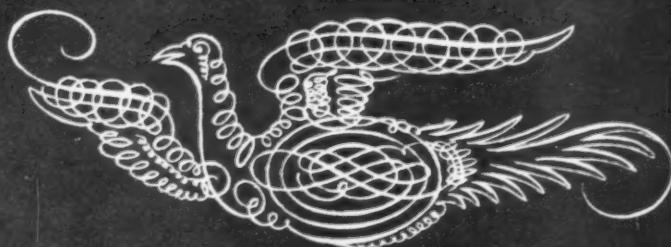
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Poems that Live

Selected by TED MALONE

One of the loveliest of the universal treasures shared by every age is the rare art of capturing, in a few lines of verse, a thought filled with significance and expressed with a beauty that can never fade. When such a poem is born, it becomes a beloved tradition, reflecting the inspiration of its creator and bringing warmth and happiness to all who know, or

discover it. Now, in a special pictorial feature, Coronet brings you favorite excerpts from poems that live for each new generation. Selected by Ted Malone, well-known poetry anthologist and radio star, these familiar excerpts were chosen from poems of yesterday that many of us have known by heart and cherished through the years.





SNOW-BOUND

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

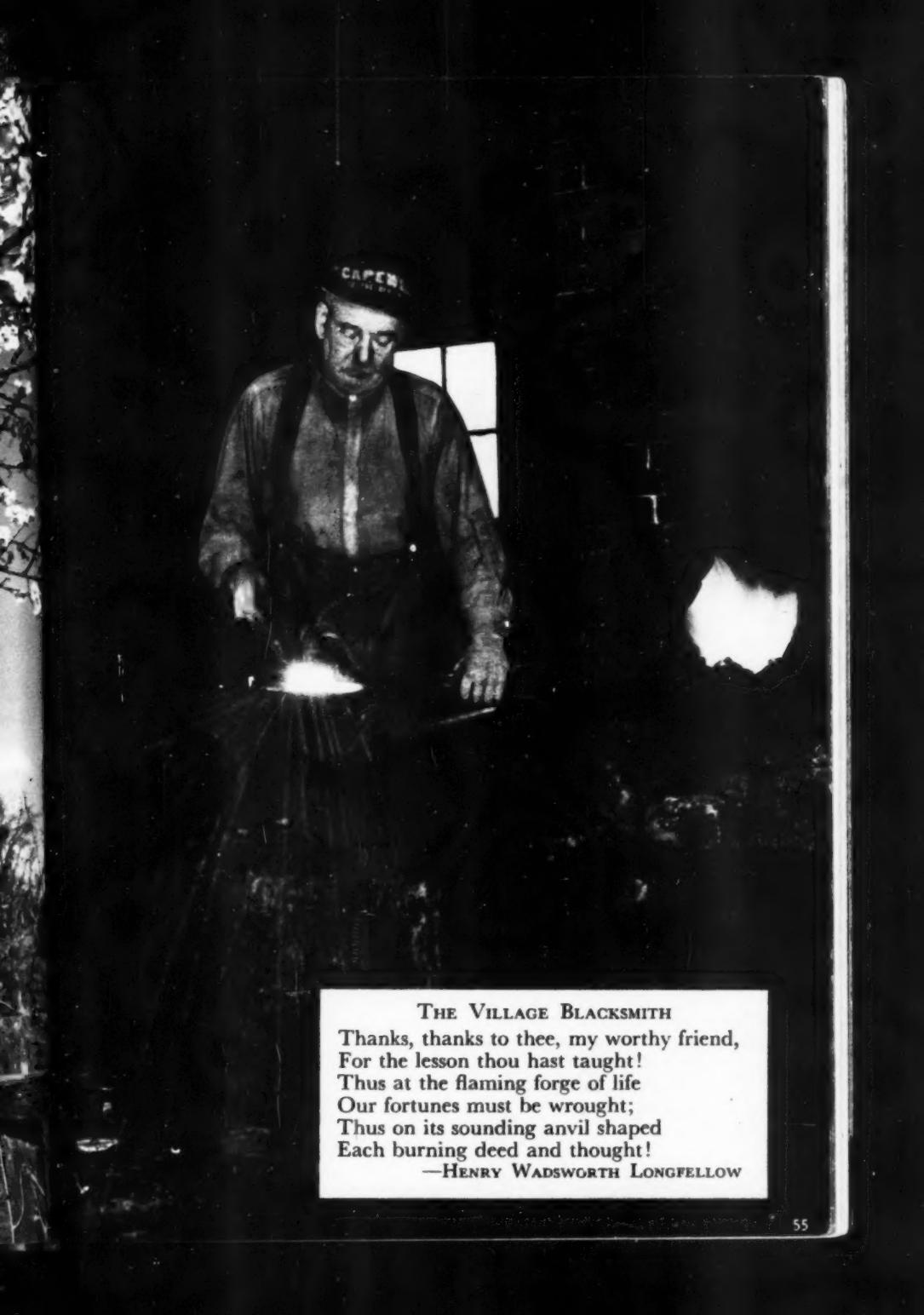
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.



HOME

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun and shadder, and ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.

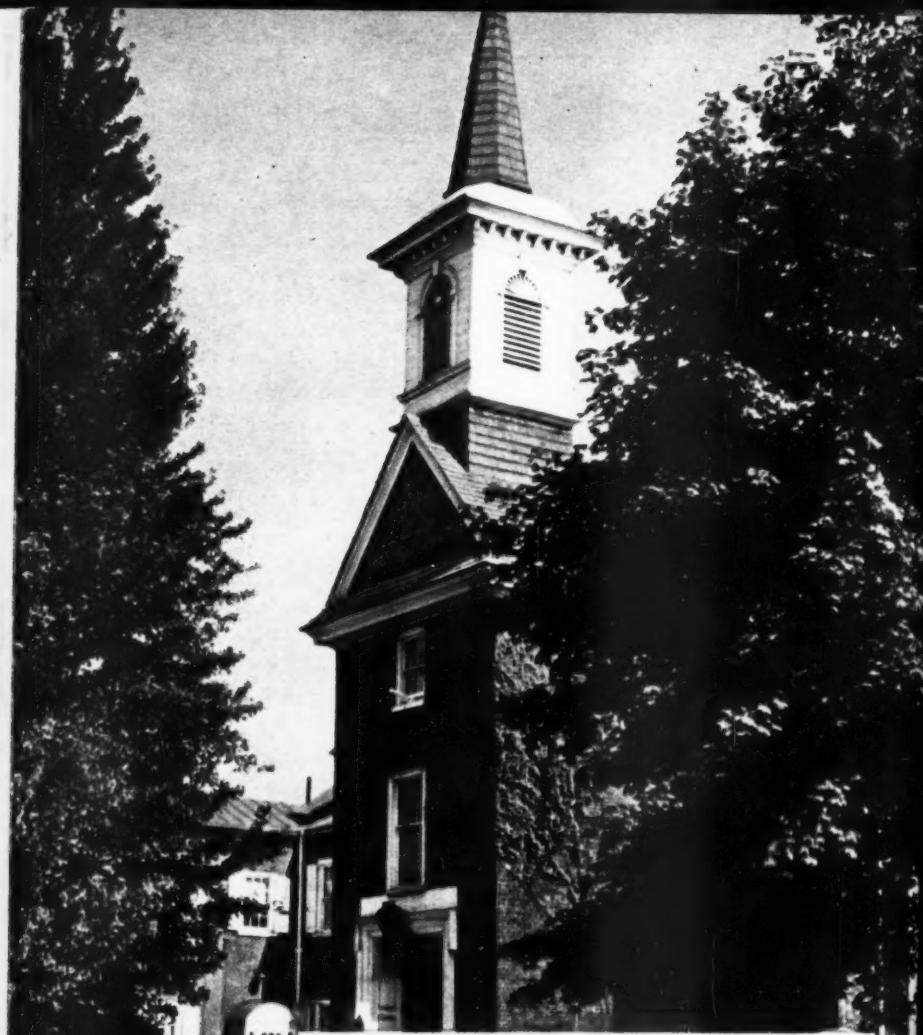
—EDGAR A. GUEST



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave.
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—THOMAS GRAY

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

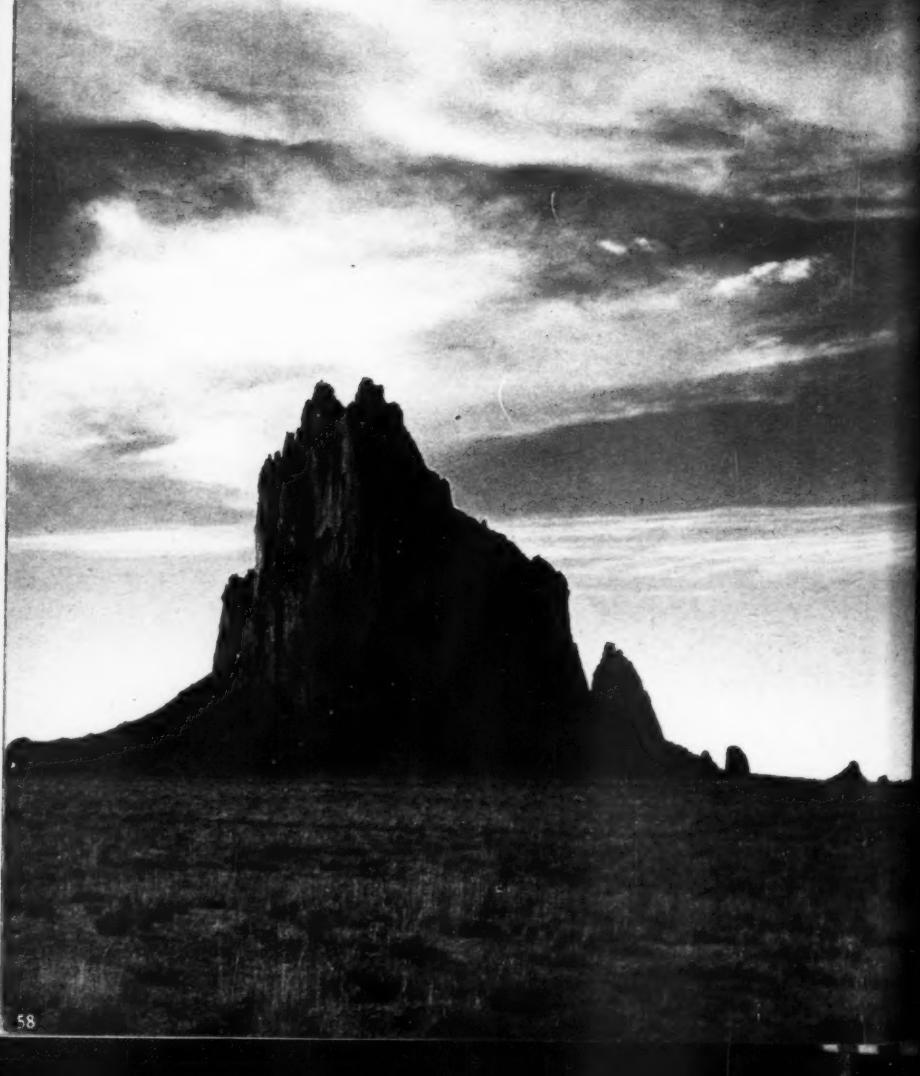
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes
are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
for an eon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us
to work anew!

—RUDYARD KIPLING





CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea . . .

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

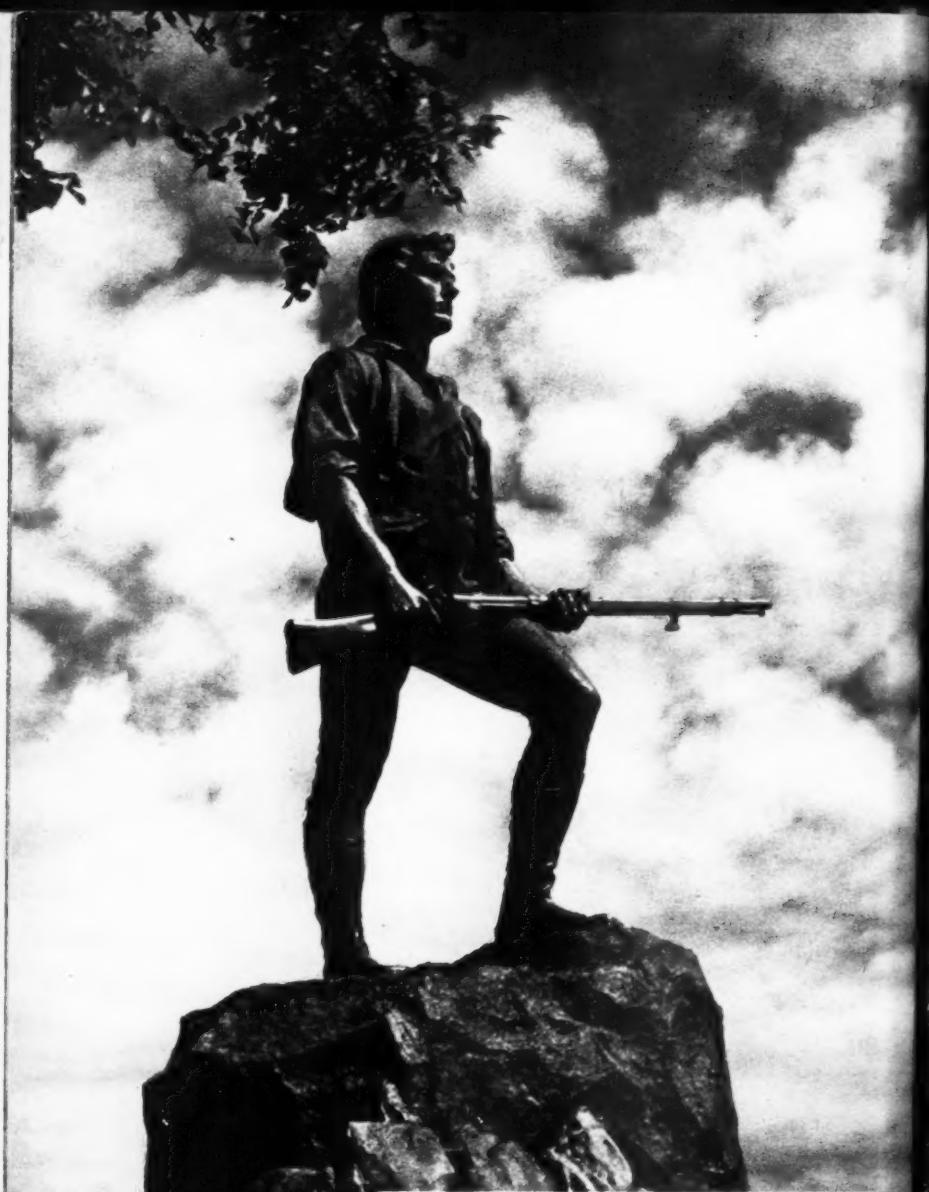
—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language . . .

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere . . .

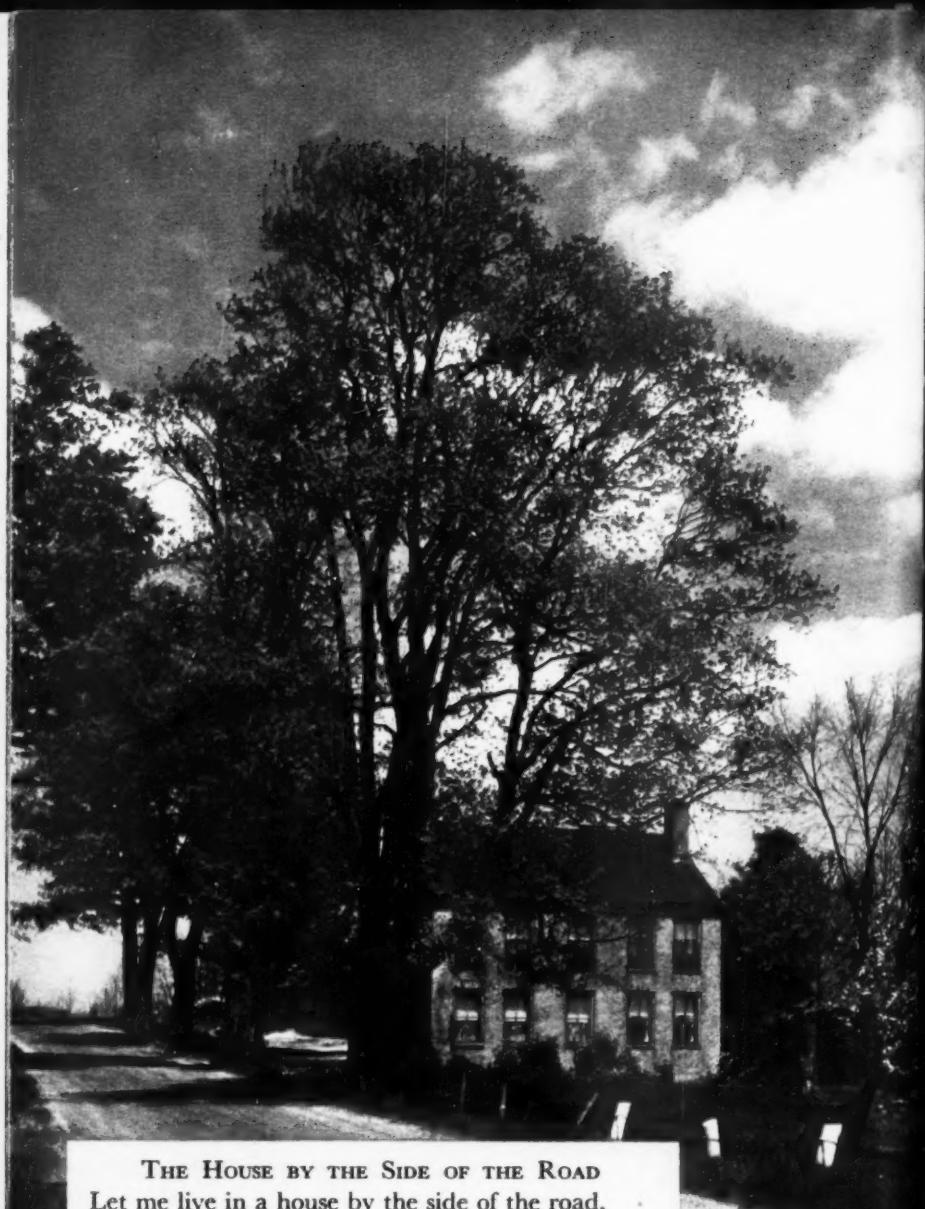
—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



IN FLANDERS FIELDS

If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

—JOHN McCRAE



THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

—SAM WALTER FOSS



IF

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—RUDYARD KIPLING



THE DAY IS DONE

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

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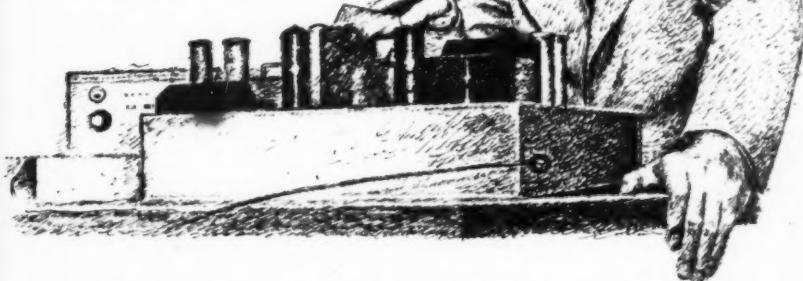
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HAMMOND: *Wizard of Patents*

by MORT WEISINGER



One of America's most prolific inventors, he has devised everything from a trick cigarette lighter to the basis for push-button warfare

HANGING CONSPICUOUSLY in the office of a prominent patent attorney is a letter mounted in a glass frame. The letter reads simply: "Dear Sir: I am an inventor and would like to invent something. Would you please tell me what to invent?"

One inventor who has never been harassed by lack of inspiration is 61-year-old John Hays Hammond, Jr., America's prince of patents. Thomas Alva Edison, at the time of his death, had to his credit 1,200 patents. During the past four decades, Hammond has dreamed up more than 800 patentable ideas. His colleagues predict that within the next ten years Hammond's agile brain cells will help him to surpass Edison's marathon record and, in-

cidentally, innovate fresh miracles in the fields of electronics and television.

Hammond, one of the most prolific inventors of our time, devises gimmicks ranging from tricky cigarette lighters which do everything but inhale, to a "telestereograph'er," a mechanism which projects three-dimensional images via wireless. Musical greats like Stokowski and Koussevitzky repeatedly make the weary trek to his castlelike home in Gloucester, Massachusetts, to hear their orchestrations played over his "dynamic amplifier," an instrument which produces lifelike music from phonograph records.

So widespread is the application of Hammond's inventions that

people seldom realize it when they are using one of them. His first batch of devices brought the world such things as remote control via radio, the superheterodyne, and the single-dial tuning now in universal use. Whenever you select a station on your radio, you have a dozen or more Hammond creations to thank.

Recently he perfected a new one that makes it unnecessary to select the station at all. You simply press a button for "news" or "music" and your radio obeys.

Hammond may be properly considered one of the greatest contributors to the science of push-button warfare. His ingenious systems for controlling torpedoes, ships and planes by wireless have been successfully used in two world wars. In 1933, Congress granted him \$750,000 for the military use of his radio control patents. The crewless planes and boats which penetrated the lethal radioactive areas at the Bikini atom-bomb tests were piloted by Hammond patents.

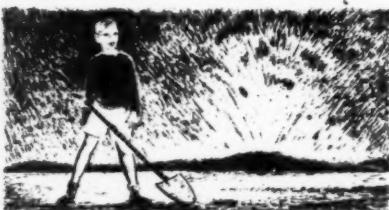
Hammond, who bears a striking resemblance to the late President Roosevelt, has swapped ideas with some of the greatest minds of the century. He collaborated with Alexander Graham Bell on long-distance telephony and with Irving Langmuir on the hard vacuum tube. He worked out a system of aerial

coastal patrol with Admiral Peary, and perfected a method of charting the Arctic by radio for the Bartlett Expedition.

Last year, while he was motoring with his wife, his subconscious finally soived a system of marine propulsion which had been confounding him for 35 years, ever since he had first argued the problem with Nikola Tesla, outstanding in science's Hall of Fame for having invented polyphase transmission of power. So revolutionary is this new propulsion method that Hammond has been summoned to Washington several times to discuss it with naval chiefs.

The inventive brainstorms which have sprung from the Hammond mind with amazing frequency through the years run the gamut from the super-duper to Rube Goldberg contraptions. For color-blind motorists, he invented a car that "sees" traffic lights. Not long ago he developed the "steamless" steam whistle, which adds a visible chemical vapor to the air whistle. Hammond worked it out aboard his globe-girdling schooner, *Odysseus III*, because he found that when weather conditions restricted the range of compressed-air horn blasts, the steamlike signals could be seen and counted.

ONE OF HAMMOND'S most important creations was predicted by him some 20 years in advance. As a child of eight in Johannesburg, South Africa, young Hammond secured a shovel and prepared to dig in his aunt's garden. Just as he made his first stroke, there came a terrific explosion. Windows were smashed for miles around, and in



the near-by town hundreds of people were killed.

A trainload of dynamite had exploded at the railroad station; but the little boy was convinced that he had done the whole thing with his shovel.

"What's the matter, Jack?" his aunt said when she found him hiding under his bed.

"I've—I've dug up hell," stammered the child.

Young Hammond's self-indictment was two decades premature. During World War I he did dig up hell—for the enemy—when he devised the aluminothermic incendiary projectile. Turned over to the Allies, it was declared the hottest thing this side of Dante's Inferno. In action, Hammond's thermite bombs melted German armor-plate the way a modern electric furnace reduces steel to liquid.

Although his father has been dead for 15 years, Hammond insists upon retaining the Jr. after his name, trusting that it dissociates his achievements from those of his distinguished parent, John Hays Hammond, Sr.

The elder Hammond was a gold-mining engineer. With empire-builder Cecil Rhodes, he built up the world's richest gold-producing region around Johannesburg.

John Hays Hammond, Jr., has always preferred to stand alone. He began inventing at an early age and, at 16, developed a gasoline engine which was a success except that it consumed a dime's worth of fuel every hundred revolutions.

He devised his first practical invention while attending Lawrenceville Academy in New Jersey. This was a reversal of the mechanism

which turns on a light in a closet when the door is opened. Attached to the door of his room, it thwarted teachers who, seeing a gleam from his window after curfew, stealthily approached his room, quietly turned the knob, and flung the door open . . . only to find Master Hammond in total darkness.

Hammond continued his studies at Yale, where he was graduated in 1910. One day, while he was chatting with a professor of higher mathematics, the talk turned to inventions of the future. Suddenly Hammond said: "Some day I will control a moving body at a distance by the sound of my voice."

Then he asked that his prophecy, written down and duly witnessed, be turned over to the director of the school and preserved in the safe. This was done, a diagrammatic sketch of the proposed apparatus being filed away.

The conquest of remote control began to obsess the youth. He realized that if a navy could steer battleships, mines, torpedoes and aircraft by proxy, the military advantages would be tremendous. Hammond licked the problem in 1912, at the age of 24. Before an Army-Navy board, the modern Aladdin demonstrated how he could steer a boat the 30 choppy miles from Boston to Gloucester by radio control and gyrostabilization.

To fulfill the prophecy made at Yale, eventually Hammond was able to have a vessel obey his verbal commands. This he accomplished by a sound-amplifying device, with the vibrating energy of his words spoken through a microphone doing the trick.

One of the more notable of Ham-

mond's subsequent inventions was "narrowcasting"—a system by which secret messages could be sent through the air, to be received only by special instruments. In 1924, when Mussolini was almost assassinated, Hammond was invited to Rome to adapt his method for secret communications for the Italian government.

Hammond's first meeting with the vain Dictator was memorable. Benito had a pet strategy for putting callers ill at ease. To gain audience with him, they had to walk 100 feet over a floor of marble. The resounding thump of their footsteps would invariably embarrass visitors.

When Hammond was granted his interview, he walked to Mussolini's desk with a noiseless pace. The dictator looked up, startled by this intruder. Hammond, having heard of Mussolini's trick, was wearing rubber soles. Benito was so shaken by this turnabout that he promptly acceded to Hammond's terms.

Hammond's castle at Gloucester, his most spectacular enterprise, was originally begun to create room for a 10,000-pipe organ. Hammond had been interested in music since, as a boy in England, he had been taught how to play the violin by a local postman.

After he left Yale, he began experimenting with organs and, with the help of experts, spent years designing one with improvements of his own. When plans indicated that the organ would be too big for the house in which he was living, he started to design a house that would accommodate the organ. The fantastic but logical solution was a castle, with a 100-foot-high stone

tower to contain the mammoth instrument.

The organ took 20 years to complete. The famous organ artist, the late Joseph Bonnet, declared it the most satisfactory instrument he had ever played. Other notables like George Gershwin, Mary Garden, Lily Pons, Stravinsky, Ethel Barrymore and Owen Wister, house-guests at the Hammond castle during the past generation, have sat enthralled for hours, listening to the instrument's tonal beauty.

In Hammond's mind, there is nothing spectacular about the citadel he has built in Massachusetts. Screened by acres of heavy woods, it stands majestically on the granite shores of Cape Ann, a facsimile in native stone of a typical 14th-century castle in Southern France. The walls are the actual façades of medieval houses, into which are set plaques from Roman and early Christian tombs.

Another Hammond spectacular is his 20-ton super-trailer. During the recent war, industry's electronic problems often took him on cross-country trouble-shooting missions which called for solution in hours instead of weeks. In order to work en route and at the site of the difficulty, Hammond designed a giant, 45-foot laboratory-on-wheels, weighing 20 tons and capable of mile-a-minute speed.

After the war, Hammond converted this mobile behemoth into a luxurious hotel suite. It is completely self-sustaining, including two electric generating plants, huge water and septic tanks, and seven-foot ceilings. It is air-conditioned from stem to stern, with two baths and a shower, a master bedroom,

living room, driver's quarters, and an intercom system. Its kitchen teems with the latest comforts, from an electric dishwasher to a deep-freeze unit.

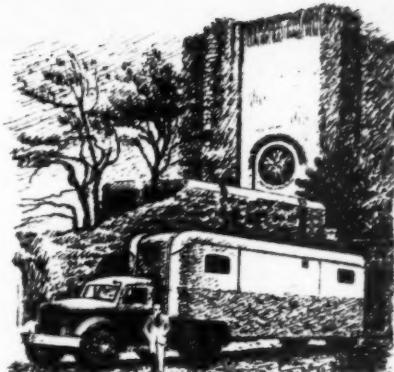
In the winter of 1947, when a snowstorm knocked out the electrical supply in Gloucester, the Hammonds had to rough it in their castle home. With the house chilly and the radio dead, the Hammonds resigned themselves to hibernating in bed until the power lines were up again.

A few hours later, a neighbor phoned them and said: "May I suggest that you and Mrs. Hammond move into your trailer?" Whereupon the absent-minded inventor and his wife transferred to their self-supporting palace on wheels, to reside there for the duration of the blizzard.

ADVANCING YEARS have sapped none of the great inventor's enthusiasms. Several times a year he goes to Washington to consult with Air Force engineers, or to the offices of RCA, where he is retained as a director and consultant. Except for the Patent Office records, it would be hard to believe that Hammond ever works. His friends never have the sense of interrupting him, and he always seems to have time for conversation.

His annual plan, which he does not always follow, is to spend three winter months abroad. Once, after ten months abroad, he returned to America and took out 90 patents in the succeeding year—all of which had germinated in his mind while he was in Europe.

This process of germination is, by the way, as mysterious to him as



it is to the outsider. Ideas come to him at odd moments; often he sounds them out on his wife, a distinguished-looking, platinum-haired lady whose pet Hammond invention is a clever gadget he created especially to celebrate one of her birthdays. It is an ordinary-looking cigarette case, but when you press it open, a cigarette pops out, lit and ready for smoking.

Many a scientist would be content to coast for life on just one Hammond success, such as his system for selective radio telegraphy, by which eight messages are carried simultaneously on one carrier wave . . . or his Patent 1844162, which is a method to scramble private television projections so that only someone equipped with his receiver can untangle the image . . . or his "galvanic tail torpedo," an intelligent underwater missile which automatically turns around to attack its target a second time if it happens to miss the first time.

Hammond defines an inventor as "a boy who never grows up." He would be far happier if he could devise some simple little gadget that would sweep the world by

storm, the way Gillette's safety razor caught the public fancy. In the small hours after midnight, Hammond ponders new gimmicks, in much the same way that Presidents try to solve mystery stories in their leisure time.

This quest for some device that will catch the world like wildfire has him inventing bottle openers with magnetic attachments to keep the cap from rolling away; a toy locomotive that speeds in different gears; a high-frequency gadget which can sizzle a raw steak in seconds; a cooking utensil which goes off automatically as soon as the pot begins to boil.

Recently, Hammond trailered to Bridgeport, Connecticut, where his old friend, Igor Sikorsky, showed him his newest helicopter. "Do you want one?" asked Sikorsky.

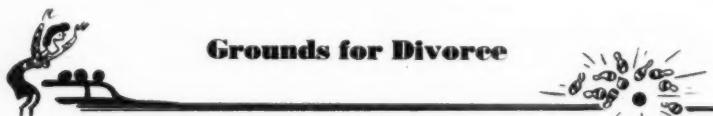
"Sure," said Hammond, "if you

can build one that will lift my 20-ton trailer."

Sikorsky whipped out a slide rule, made some calculations. "We can do it," he announced shortly.

Hammond treasures that moment: "Sikorsky and I both thought how lucky we were—to be born at exactly the right time to do what we like to do!"

Today, in a technological age where modern industry marshals mass teams of scientists to achieve its greatest inventions, Hammond represents one of the last of a vanishing herd—the lone-wolf dreamer who dares to pit his one-man know-how against assembly-line brains. And tomorrow, or next month, or next year, John Hays Hammond, Jr., will come up with still another invention, to prove to the world that the spirit of Thomas Alva Edison is still alive.



Grounds for Divorce

A CHICAGO WOMAN learned that knowledge can be dangerous when she infuriated her husband by beating him at bowling—a sport he had taught her. Result: the husband disappeared and the wife won a divorce on grounds of desertion.

—JOSEPH C. STACEY

B ECAUSE HER HUSBAND painted a moustache on her wedding photograph, a Wisconsin woman was granted a divorce. —W. E. GOLDEN

A PITTSBURGH WOMAN sued for divorce because "when meals didn't suit him," her husband "went to bed frequently with his shoes on."

HENPECKING" WAS an Oakland, California, citizen's grounds for divorce. He claimed his wife: 1) allowed him only 50 cents a week from his pay check; 2) made him change his clothes in the cellar before entering the house; 3) forced him to listen to his favorite radio programs in the basement; 4) attacked him with a hand mirror and a flowerpot; and, 5) once doused him with buckets of cold water while he slept.

—*Fortnight*

Norway's Jolly Good King

by ABEL ABRAHAMSSEN

Haakon VII, the sportsman-monarch of a democracy, is a man of the people and his country's most law-abiding citizen

AS THE SAD STRAINS of Tschaikovsky's *Pathétique* filled the tightly packed concert hall in Oslo, capital city of my native Norway, I found that my view of the conductor was obscured by a tall man in front of me. Leaning forward, I tapped him gently and asked that he move to one side. The tall man apologized profusely and immediately changed his position.

A commonplace incident? Yes. Yet Americans usually greet this story with amazement when I explain that the tall man was Haakon VII, King of Norway!

Since I came here two years ago to study the motion-picture industry, Americans have often asked me how my country can be a democracy when it maintains a monarchy. I think my story of the Oslo concert is a persuasive answer. King Haakon was then, as always, unguarded—a fact that is true whether he is skiing, riding, swimming, walking or attending a play. At the Oslo concert he was not ensconced in a royal box; instead, he was seated amidst the audience.



In a way, this symbolizes how completely our King has identified himself with the people he serves. And his concern for my enjoyment of the concert is, in a small way, typical of his concern for the well-being of all his countrymen.

On an Oslo trolley one day, a well-dressed woman, evidently a

tourist, boarded the car and sat down beside a stately looking elderly gentleman. When she rose to leave, he offered to carry her suitcase. She thanked him and then exclaimed that he looked familiar.

"I am King Haakon, Madame," he said. "Possibly you have seen my picture somewhere."

The King has been seen shopping in Oslo stores, sitting on a bench in the park, or eating in public restaurants. Haakon is a movie fan, too, and attends the local theaters. He has even been known, when wearing military uniform, to take advantage of the half-price admission for servicemen!

Haakon's democratic traits have always been reflected by other members of the royal family. The King sent his son, Crown Prince Olav, to public schools along with other Norwegian children. When Olav had a birthday, he would write in large letters on the blackboard: "Everyone in the class is invited to my birthday party."

Today, Olav's daughters, Ragnhild and Astrid, and his son, Harald, also go to public schools where, like other children, they receive free dental care.

But the popularity which the Norwegian royal family enjoys is based on more than friendliness and accessibility. On August 3, 1947, when Haakon celebrated his 75th birthday, every city and village in Norway joined in the festivities. Pictures of the King appeared everywhere, along with banners and flags. An American visitor in Norway remarked, to the amusement of his Norwegian friends: "This guy Haakon must be running for re-election!"

The visitor from the U. S., perhaps, did not realize the full import of his joke. The fact is that King Haakon did not inherit his throne. He *was* elected!

The Norwegian Constitution, adopted in 1814, states in a phrase borrowed from the Massachusetts Constitution: "The Law, not persons, should rule." And Norway has parliamentary methods for de-throning a king who does not carry out the will of the people. In that case the cabinet resigns; the Norwegian Parliament, called the Storting, refuses to accept another cabinet; and the king, since he cannot rule without a cabinet, is automatically dismissed. A new king is then selected.

Precisely this happened in 1905, when 33-year-old Danish Prince Carl became King Haakon VII of Norway, following Norway's break with Sweden after almost 100 years of union under a common king. Since the 14th century, when Norway suffered an economic and social decline which forced her to yield her monarchy, she had shared kings, first with Denmark and then with Sweden. Now, in 1905, Norway emerged as an independent power once more, and the people could have a king of their own choosing. The Norwegian Government offered the throne to Prince Carl, younger brother of the heir to the Danish throne.

But Carl, mindful that Norway had been without a monarch of its own for nearly 600 years, asked assurance that he was wanted by the people, not merely by the politicians. So, at Carl's suggestion, a plebiscite was held. By an emphatic 78 per cent majority, the Norwe-

gian people chose the Danish prince to be their new ruler. And Carl, adopting a traditional Norwegian king's name, "Haakon," moved to his new country with the motto, "All for Norway."

Norwegians are, by custom, an independent and democratic people. There is no titled nobility in Norway, and even in feudal days, when other European peasants knew serfdom, the king and his people held equal rank in Norway. As Haakon toured his new kingdom, he was reminded, again and again, of these age-old traditions.

At a reception in a fishing village, one speaker pointed to a large stone and told Haakon that during Viking times peasants had beheaded their kings on that stone if they overstepped their powers. Returning to Oslo, the monarch said with a smile: "I have listened to 300 speeches, every one of them telling me that I have nothing to say in this country."

It was immediately apparent, however, that Haakon, by nature and experience, was exactly the sort of king all Norway desired. First, like all his people since the early Norsemen, he loves the sea and has often been called the Sailor King. As a Danish prince, he attended Navy cadet school, and on graduation became a second lieutenant. But Norway is also a nation of sportsmen—and in Haakon they found a sportsman-monarch.

Here is truly a king-size king—six feet three inches tall and lithely built. Even today, at 76, his erect posture and purposeful stride still proclaim the natural-born athlete.

When he arrived in Norway, Haakon had never done any skiing, but he took to the snowy slopes with a zeal that satisfied the most fervent ski-enthusiasts.

Norwegians also discovered that Haakon's famous sense of humor never deserted him. Once, while talking with a Danish-born businessman living in Norway, the King congratulated him on his success and said, "I must say you've done extremely well in Norway."

"Thanks," his fellow-Dane replied. "And the same to you!"

One characteristic above all, however, insured Haakon's popularity with Norwegians. In a democracy based on law, Haakon has always been the country's most law-abiding citizen. Norway, like America, tried national prohibition; but as in America, the law proved unpopular and was eventually repealed.

Nevertheless, during prohibition, the royal family strictly observed the statute. In fact, the King was once moved to remark:

"I wonder if that law was made only for my benefit? It seems that I am the only man to obey it."

FOR THE FIRST 35 YEARS of his reign, Haakon ruled a peaceful, prosperous, democratic Norway. Then came a morning in April, 1940. The weather was clear, the sun warm. Snow was starting to melt on the roads of southern Norway, but it still lay deep in the mountain forests of the north. The war between Germany and the Allies, then only a few months old, seemed far away.

On the night of April 8, 1940,





Norwegians went to bed at peace with the world. Before dawn, the bubble of peace burst with the sound of shellfire and air-raid sirens.

In an Oslo hotel, an inconspicuous civilian who had registered as a stocking salesman from Berlin appeared in the uniform of a German army general and assumed control of military units moving into Norway by parachute, troopship and "Trojan horse" tactics. In a matter of hours, the Nazi seizure of Oslo was virtually complete.

The King, the government and the Parliament, having rejected an ultimatum for surrender from the Nazi minister, were preparing to flee the doomed city and set up temporary defense headquarters at Hamar, 100 miles northward. At 7:30 A.M. April 9, a special train carrying the royal family and government officials left for Hamar. Five long years were to pass before Haakon saw his capital again.

On the second day of the German invasion, Hitler's emissaries demanded that Haakon appoint a fanatic named Vidkun Quisling as Norway's new prime minister. The King, pointing out that Quisling's political party, a carbon copy of the Nazis, had never polled more than two per cent in any election, replied with unassailable logic:

"I cannot appoint Quisling, knowing that our people have no confidence in him and that his party has no representative in our

Parliament. If the government should yield to the German demands, there is no other way for me but to abdicate."

Even though most of Norway's newspapers and radio stations had been taken over by the Germans, news of Haakon's stand spread quickly throughout the country. The paralyzing surprise that was our first reaction to Nazi invasion gave way to determined resistance. Meanwhile, the German High Command decreed that Haakon must die and began a wild hunt through southern Norwegian woods and mountains where the 68-year-old King and his Free Norwegian Government had gone into hiding.

Bombers smashed one defenseless village after another on the chance that the King might be there. But Haakon, constantly on the move, seldom slept in the same place twice. At one point he was smuggled through German-infested territory in a mail train, disguised in dark glasses and an old hat. Meanwhile, Olav's wife, the Swedish Princess Martha, and their three children had escaped to Sweden; yet Haakon and Olav, even after a narrow escape from strafing German planes, refused to move farther from the scene of fighting.

The uneven battle could not continue. By May 1, all southern Norway was occupied and the King had been forced to move to northern Norway, land of the midnight sun, where German troops were waging defensive war against Norwegian mountain and ski detachments. Then, early in June, Great Britain and France announced they must evacuate their forces which had been supporting the Norwe-

gians. The 62-day-old war in Norway was over.

The Storting had already decreed that, if necessary, the King, Crown Prince and Cabinet should go into exile to represent Free Norway. So on June 7, Haakon, meeting with his Cabinet for the last time, issued a proclamation to his people. Tears in his eyes, he adjourned the meeting with the words, "God bless Norway!" Then he sailed for England.

But the King remained in the hearts of his people—a symbol of Free Norway. As a gesture of defiance to the Nazis, they wrote Haakon's initials, H-7, everywhere. And each year, on the King's birthday, Norwegians wore flowers on their suits and dresses. In Oslo alone, 900 were arrested for this in one day. "Long live the King!" became a standard greeting for Norwegians, and they talked not of "the day the war ends" but of "the day the King comes home."

Then, finally, the great day came. Victory in Europe! While Germans on the continent surrendered to Allied armies, the Nazi forces in Norway surrendered to the men and women of the Home Guard, Norway's underground army. But it was on June 7, now a Norwegian national holiday, that the dream all Norway had cherished for five grim years came true: ". . . the day the King comes home!"

Oslo fjord was teeming with thousands of decorated craft—fishing vessels, sailboats, ferries, even row-boats—that June morning. At last the British cruiser *Norfolk* steamed into harbor, bearing the king and royal family. As Haakon once more set foot on Norwegian soil, he was met with a deafening roar: "Long live the King!"

In ancient Norway, it was the custom for Vikings to give their king a Viking ship when he had shown outstanding valor in combat. One day in June, 1948, a gleaming yacht named *Norge* was presented to Haakon as a gift from his people. A simple, moving story lies behind that incident.

In the summer of 1947, a campaign was started in Norway to raise funds for a gift for the King's 75th birthday. Businessmen, school children, fishermen, sailors, housewives, citizens everywhere contributed. Only one stipulation was made by public demand: knowing the King's reputation for generosity, the people insisted he must spend the money for himself.

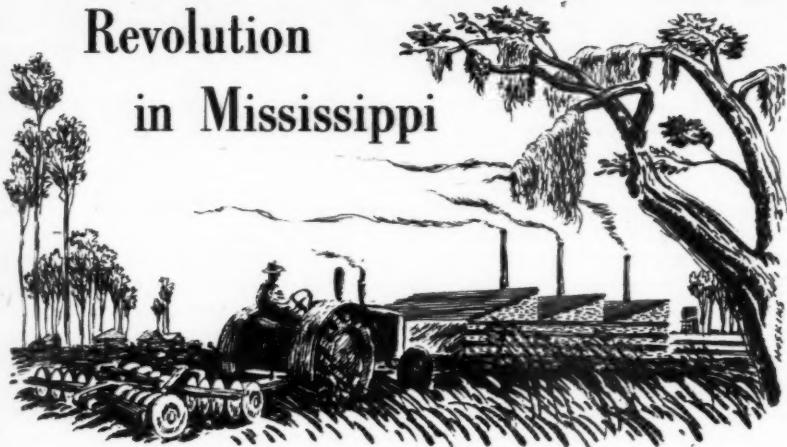
Haakon, his eyes misty with gratitude, expressed his thanks. Then, after considerable thought, he announced there was one thing he would like to have. "Ever since I served in the Navy," the King of Norway explained, "I have wanted to own a yacht. But I've never had enough money to buy one."

The Ladder of Life

The rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon, but only to hold a man's foot long enough to enable him to put the other somewhat higher.

—THOMAS HUXLEY

Revolution in Mississippi



by HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

A far-reaching new program to balance agriculture and industry is bringing vast changes and enriching the state

RECENTLY A NORTHERN businessman, driving through the piney woods country that leads to the red clay hills of Mississippi, stopped for a drink at a share-cropper's dilapidated, unscreened shack.

At the door a pleasant but work-worn woman, scuffing about in bare feet, asked him to step inside. There the businessman got a real shock—for she opened a new electric refrigerator and poured some ice-cold water. Next to the refrigerator was an electric stove. In the shabby room beyond—resplendent amidst patched chairs and a broken sofa—was a new console radio.

While her caller sipped the water, the woman asked: "Do you think the Palestine problem is going to be settled by the United Nations? It seems to me that it must be settled,

otherwise we're not going to have a UN . . ."

That night the businessman wrote his New York office: "There's a revolution going on down here."

Actually, he was not far wrong. The new electrical appliances he found in the share-cropper's shack and the woman's interest in world affairs symbolize the tremendous social and economic transition that is taking place in Mississippi. This transition, slowly gathering speed for a decade, is being effected today so swiftly that every institution and relationship in the state is in flux, including the status of almost half its people—the Negro citizens.

Many factors are at work here. The TVA, by providing cheap electricity, is not only making possible the use of laborsaving appliances but is also helping to educate thousands of Mississippians through good light and radios. It has literally connected some of the most back-

ward sections of America with the most advanced. Mississippians are learning daily cotton prices, as well as new concepts of democracy and the American way of life.

But because Mississippi's is a dynamic and profound change, it is filled with ups and downs, twists and turns. Hence it would be a mistake to think that the state, in the midst of this change, will not erupt from time to time. But meanwhile, the electric stove, refrigerator and radio represent the beginning of the end of what many Americans consider a blotch on our democratic escutcheon.

What these new appliances mean is simply that, for the first time in their lives, the people of Mississippi have money. Since 1939, their purchasing power has made the greatest leap of any state in the Union—237 per cent. Retail sales have tripled. And since 1936, the state's industrial pay roll has mounted to \$200,000,000 a year.

The primary cause of all this is something known in Mississippi as BAWI, a program to balance the state's basic agricultural economy with industry. Now in high gear, it is rapidly transforming one of the most impoverished sections of America into a prosperous, semi-industrial region.

Through the BAWI program, the people of "Ole Miss" have discovered that a factory job can improve a farm. One Jones County farmer, who works seasonally at a box factory, proudly explains it this way: "The worst thing I've had to contend with is erosion gullies. So I took my factory money and sent my boy to state agricultural college. They taught him contour plowing

and how to spread the crops, so we're not dependent on cotton any more. Next year, he's going to study soils and fertilizers."

BAWI, which has saved thousands of farms, is largely the invention of Hugh L. White, gray-haired banker and lumberman. White, and his father before him, had made a fortune selling off Mississippi's vast forests. His home town, Columbia, existed mainly because of his sawmills and box factory. But it was not until the timber was exhausted and he had closed down his mills that White fully realized what that meant.

The community could hit the skids. Jobs would be scarce, stores closed, homes lost. White brooded about these possibilities. Finally he abandoned his retirement plans. He couldn't stand by and see families being broken up without doing something.

Reopening his mills was out of the question. The timber was gone. But White called meetings of local businessmen and helped to reorganize the dormant Chamber of Commerce. "What we've got to do," he said, "is find a factory to use our labor and raw materials."

To start things, White gave \$3,000 to help finance the search for a company that would move to Columbia. Finally, the Chamber contacted a Chicago garment firm that wanted to move South. But there was one big obstacle. The company required a building that would cost the town \$80,000.

For a while, it looked as though the subsidy was just too much for Columbia. Then its people decided the only solution was to go into debt. They signed promissory notes,

made out to the Chamber and collectible in installments. But even these notes were a poor risk. Finally a New Orleans bank accepted them after White and several prominent businessmen signed a master note, guaranteeing payment.

Thus Columbia got its garment plant, which was soon employing 700 workers. Before long, two more plants located there, attracted by subsidies. Columbia became more prosperous, instead of becoming a ghost town.

During the next few years, Hugh White came to realize that the whole state of Mississippi was facing the same problems that Columbia had confronted. Anxious merchants and grizzled farmers, who wanted to know if something couldn't be done to improve conditions everywhere, besieged White with questions.

Slowly he came to realize that by balancing Mississippi's great agricultural resources against industry jobs would be created, farming methods improved, living standards raised, good schools and good roads made possible.

Next thing White knew, his speeches to Chambers of Commerce had turned into political rallies, and he was a full-fledged candidate for the governorship. In town after town he pointed to the people's misery and demonstrated what a factory could do to improve their living conditions.

Tired, red-necked farmers walked miles to hear him. Also, they came on mules, in wagons and jalopies. The word "factory" took on a magic quality. Families without shoes stood enraptured at the idea of making a better living. And White and BAWI were endorsed on

election day by a large majority.

The Legislature backed Governor White's program with \$100,000 to advertise the state's industrial potential. New factories were granted tax exemptions. But the unique feature of BAWI, in contrast to other subsidy plans, was the way the people shared in it.

A town that wanted an industry had to discuss it among the people, had to learn what resources it possessed—from transportation to labor—that would attract industries. When the State Agricultural and Industrial Board finally found a stable industry which wanted what the town had to offer—and which, in turn, had to offer what the town wanted—it brought them together for further talks.

Then the Board certified the town to issue bonds to pay for a suitable plant. This gave every voter a chance to say "Yes" or "No," plus a stake in the plant, *for the town would own it*. The manufacturer paid \$1 or \$5 a year in rent for the first five years. In return, he had to guarantee an annual pay roll or forfeit his rights.

If the town voted the factory bonds, construction began. Simultaneously, schools were turned into training centers where Mississippi farm folks could be taught modern mass-production methods. Men and women who had never handled anything but a mule were taught how to punch time clocks and operate intricate machinery.

IN SOME TOWNS THERE WAS opposition to BAWI as being economically unwise and "socialistic." But in most communities, the people felt their plight was desperate. At

Durant, share-croppers' wives who couldn't afford hosiery learned how to make it. The same thing happened at Grenada. At Amory, the people voted a \$50,000 bond issue, and then were shocked to hear that the manufacturer wasn't going through with the deal.

BAWI had not yet been tested in the courts (it since has been), and his lawyers frowned on the project. "However," said the manufacturer, "since I've come to know Amory and its people, I've come to like them and their city. I'll build my own plant without the subsidy." And he did.

In Pascagoula, where the "playing out" of lumber had created great distress, three local leaders awakened the people to the possibilities of BAWI. Pascagoula voted a \$150,000 bond issue for a bathing-suit factory which soon had a pay roll of \$250,000 a year. A plywood factory, making panels for the auto industry, and a shipbuilding company were also established.

Altogether, 21 certificates were issued under the White regime. Then the war made continuance of the program impossible. But in four and a half years, the first 12 plants built had paid wages of \$43,539,000—against a total bond-issue investment of \$1,050,000. If that's what 12 factories can do, Mississippians asked themselves, what could 25 or 50 or 100 do?

They lost no time in re-enacting BAWI when the late Gov. Tom Bailey took office. Efforts to industrialize the state were redoubled and procedures simplified. So eager were the people for jobs that within

a short time town after town was voting bond issues and building factories.

Today Mississippi has—in addition to the original 12 BAWI plants—70 others authorized, of which 19 are in operation. They include furniture factories, a pump factory, glove factories, plants for making road machinery and lighting fixtures, as well as many garment plants attracted by the shipping economies made possible by manufacturing where cotton is grown.

The impact on living standards has been tremendous. Shacks are disappearing as new homes rise everywhere; farm-equipment dealers are staggering under orders; farms are being bought, old homes remodeled. And Mississippi, so long lacking in health facilities, now leads the nation in hospitals being built.

BAWI has also had a pronounced effect on education in Mississippi. For example, the school superintendent in one county complained that his teachers were quitting to go to work in a glove factory. They could make more money.

His problem was not unique. It was general all over the state, because there were factories everywhere. The Legislature had made a step forward in 1946 by increasing school funds \$3,000,000.

The new Legislature, a third of them veterans, appropriated \$2,000,000 for "classroom teachers only," then set aside another \$1,250,000 for Negro schools. All in all, \$19,000,000 will be spent on new school buildings within the next few years. As one happy teach-



er puts it, "I still can't believe it!"

Since BAWI is a Mississippi invention, it is frequently criticized on the grounds that so far it has done little to raise the economic level of Negro citizens. Of the 30 factories constructed, not one employs Negroes as its main labor force, despite the fact that BAWI is based on "the general welfare of the people"—and Negroes constitute almost one-half the state's people. The skilled and semiskilled jobs have gone to white Mississippians—and so have most of the stoves and refrigerators.

Yet BAWI has become an important factor in changing the attitude of many white people towards the Negro, helping to create sentiment for better Negro education, wider employment opportunities and full political rights.

The main reasons for this change seem to be economic. A Hattiesburg businessman, explaining his altered view, says: "Half the state,

the white folks, are going ahead. The other half is staying right where we keep them. And unless we get out and educate them and give them decent jobs, we're going to support them forever."

Today, many Mississippians are startled by the speedy progress made under BAWI. It makes them uneasy to step outside the halls of tradition into the ways of the world. But they don't want to be considered backward and they are trying hard not to be. In ten years, interrupted by the war, they have taken tremendous strides in agriculture, education, public health, housing and industry.

They want to keep pace with the rest of America, and slowly but surely they are catching up. If Mississippi, so long one of the most backward states in the country, can take such great steps forward, certainly there is hope for a widespread social and economic revival throughout the whole South.

The Last Word



IT WAS VISITORS' DAY at the state penitentiary and the old lady was making a nuisance of herself. She cornered one lost soul in prison garb and subjected him to a barrage of questions.

"Tell me," she finally asked, "what are you in for?"

"Madam," said the inmate with painful courtesy, "I want to be a warden. So I thought I'd start from the bottom!"

—HENRY W. SLADE

IN HIS LAST YEARS, John Barrymore's frequent sieges of sickness greatly restricted his activities. Often these attacks kept him confined to bed. The actor was permitted to eat, drink and do very little.

Once, after serving the starved Barrymore his usual crumb of dinner, his nurse asked: "Is there anything else you would like?"

"Why, yes!" he retorted. "Could you get me a postage stamp? I believe I will do a little reading."

—DONALD PETERSON

ETERNAL

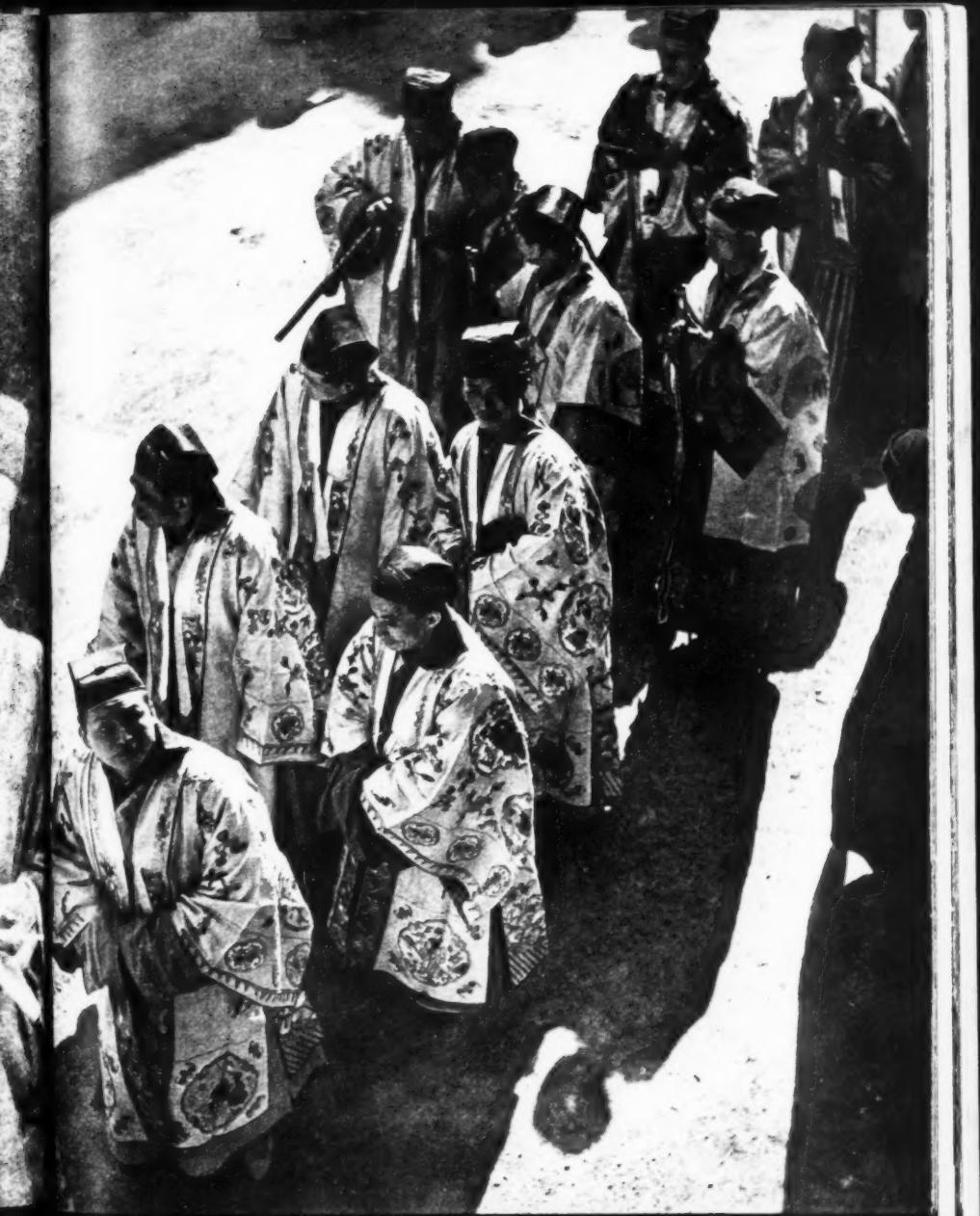
CHINA



IN THE CLASSIC MAGNIFICENCE of the photographic studies on these pages, Chin-San Long, one of the Orient's most distinguished photographers, has captured the eternal beauty of his native land. At left appears Mr. Long's personal seal—symbol of China, land of endless time.



The century in which we live will be reckoned as a brush stroke on the crowded canvas of China's 5,000 years of recorded history. Here, the wisdom of a race smiles through the dynasties of ages.



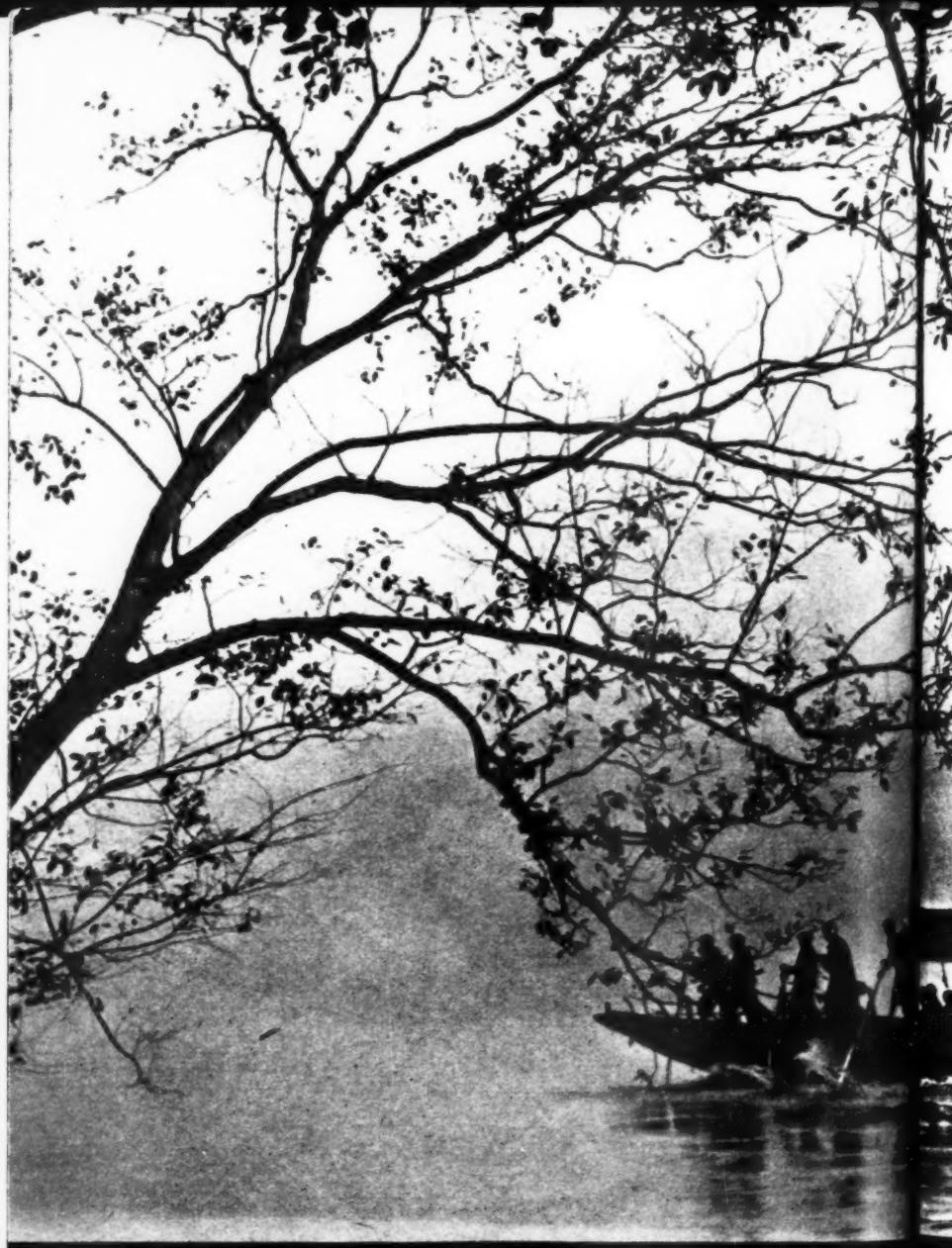
Steeped in considered seriousness, the faces of China reflect the mystic piety of Lao-tse, the philosophy of Confucius. This is a people of reserves and silences, serenity and patience.



In the land there is a muted music—the song of water, pursuing its perpetual cycle—a cycle as calm and deliberate as the turning hourglass of centuries in China's span of life.



The quiet mists of the river flow upward to fulfill their ancient communion with the sun. In the alchemy of rain, they will melt against the mountains and flow anew through the river arteries of China.



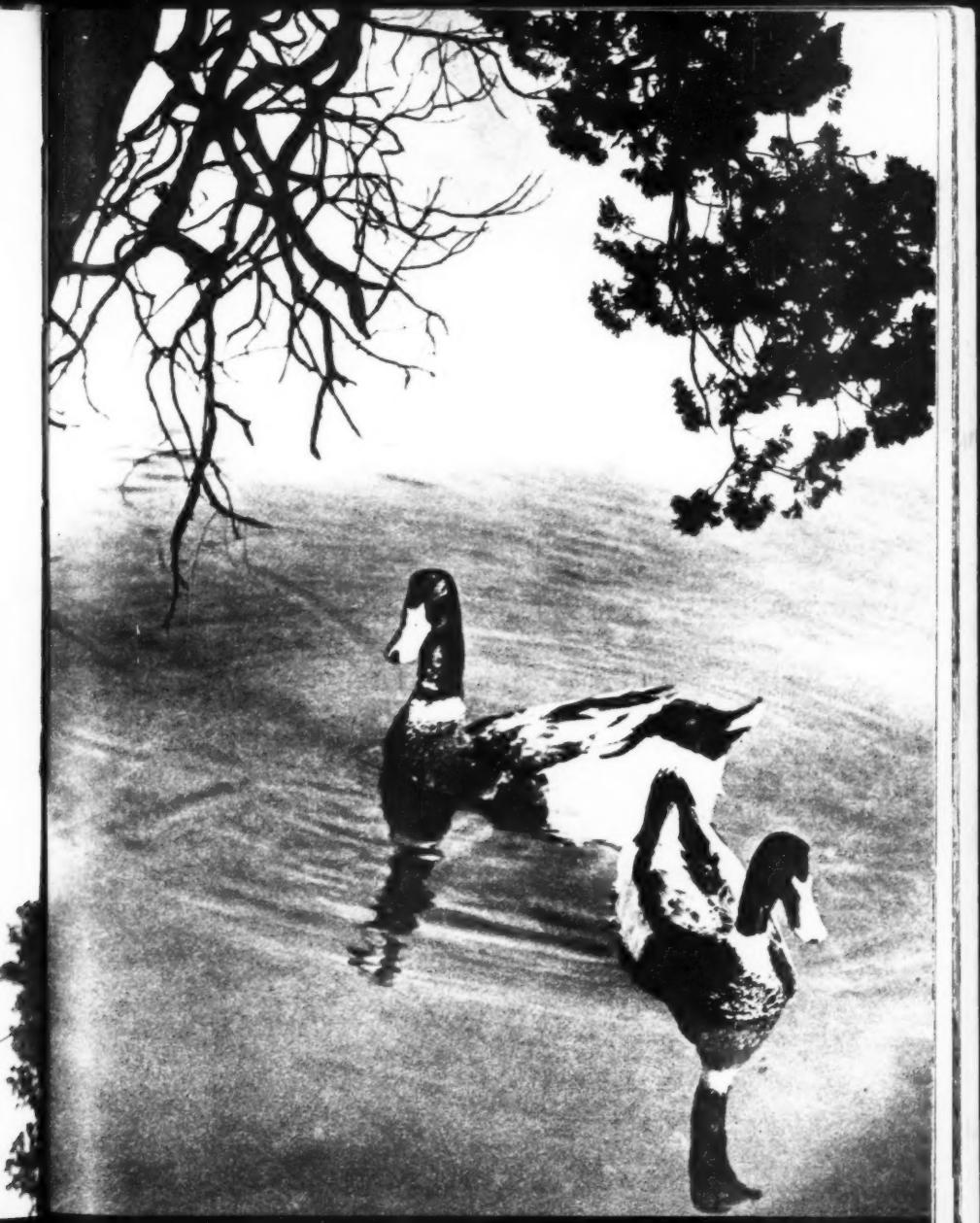
For the river is the home of millions of China's people. Upon its breast, they ply craft designed before the birth of Christianity. The unrest of the waters speaks symbolically of the turbulent history of



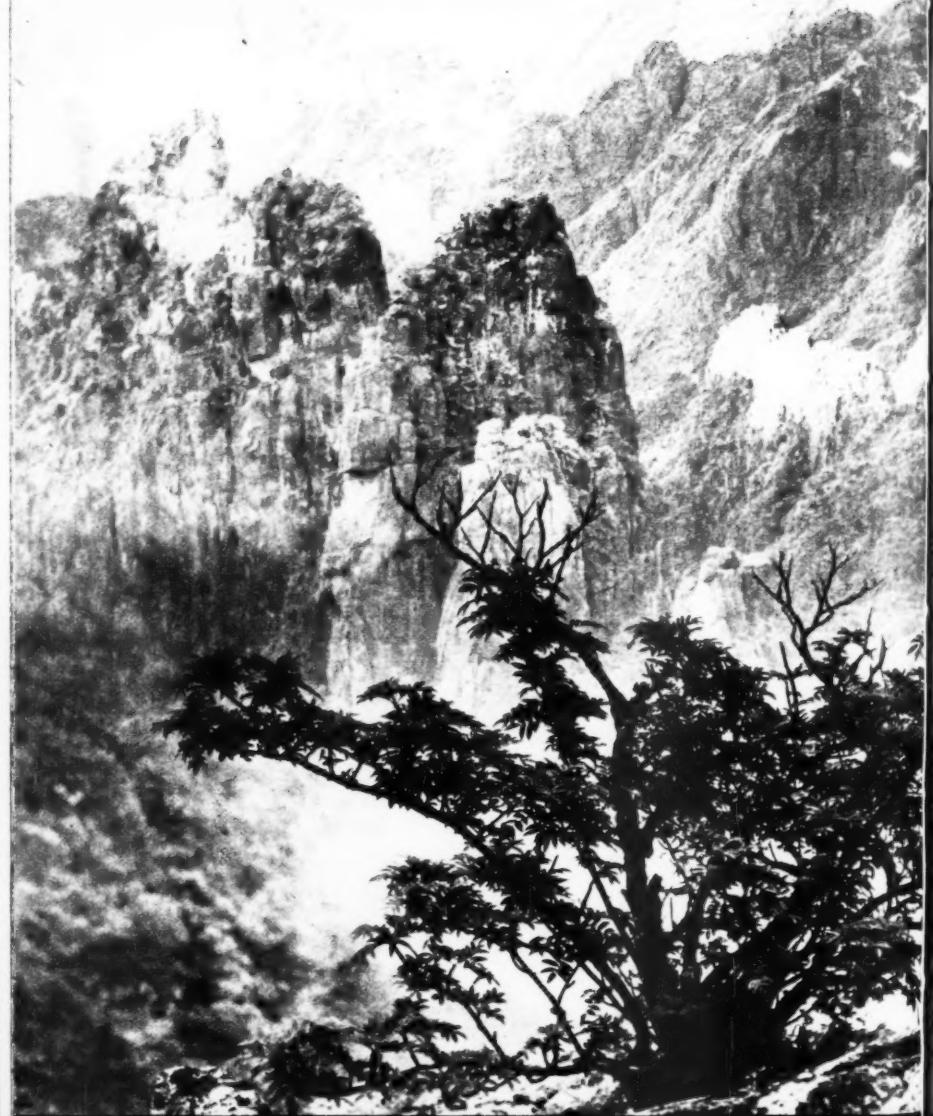
this land—invaded, laid desolate, rising again from the ruins of the past. In each rebirth, China gains strength, just as the river gains power on its long search for the sea.



The slant of slender wings against the sky is a poetic measure of the grace and delicacy of China's landscape. Even the wind touches gently on the etched pattern of the grass.



And in the rippling mirror of a lake is captured the harmony of all living things. Here, quiet beauty dwells in the morning mists and in the silver shadows of a moonlit branch.



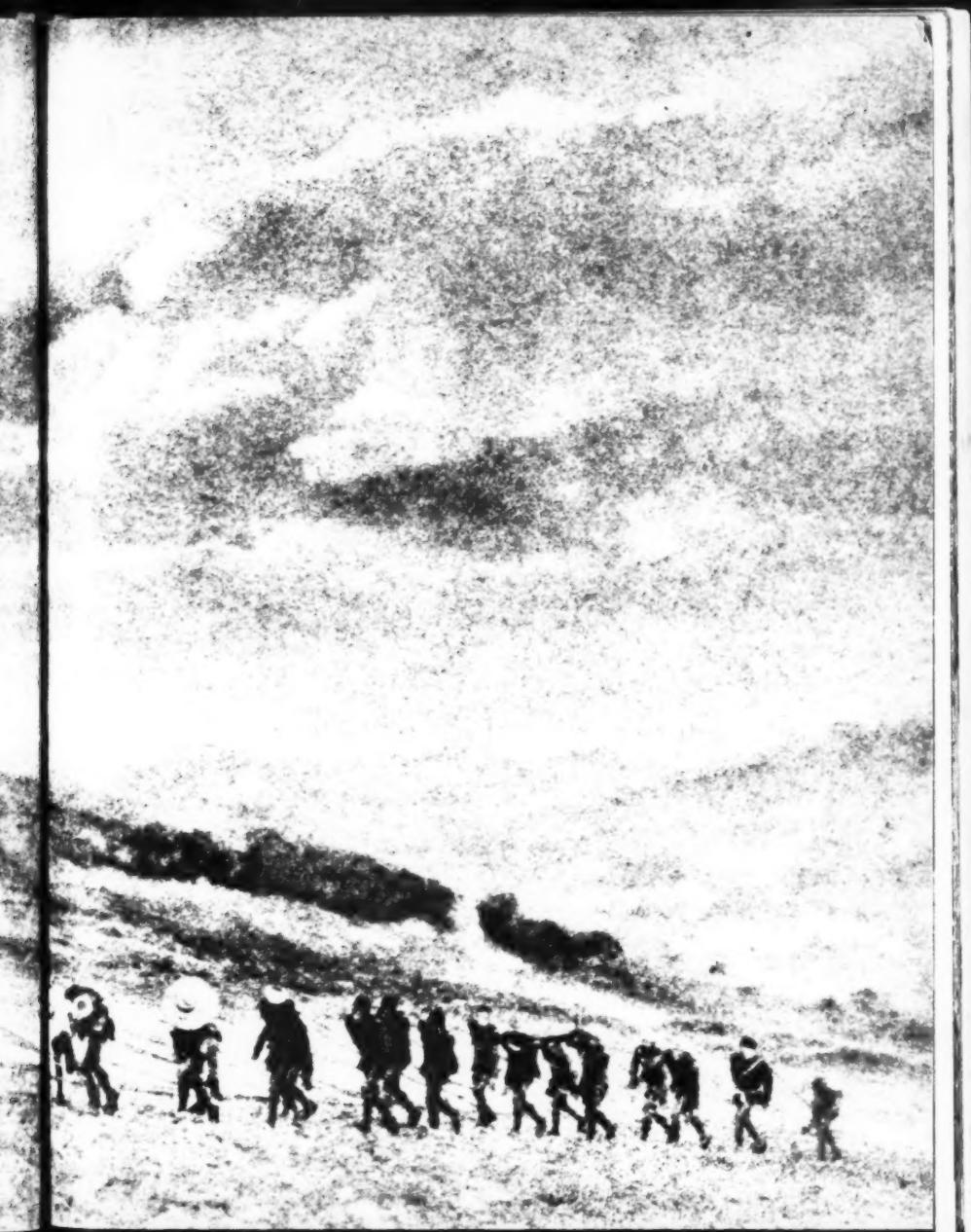
Yet this is a land of majesty, too. Kneeling before the snow-covered ramparts of the western mountains, trees bend to the reluctant earth. Beyond lie mysterious, forbidding regions . . .



... where, amid the grandeur of towering peaks, exist formal solitude and meditation. In the wisdom of the temple, contemplation is the breath of life, time the essence of the spirit.



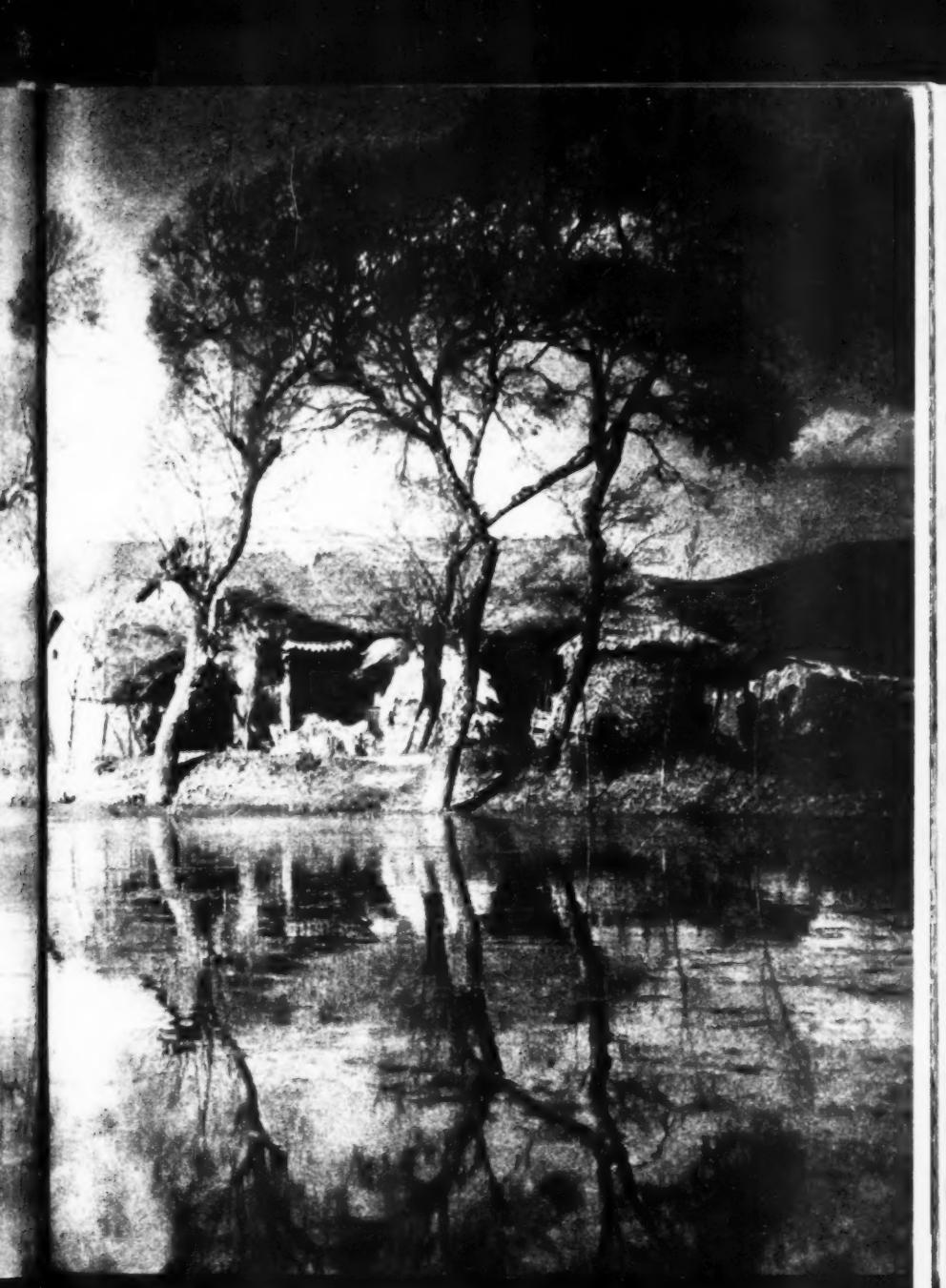
Human suffering is the heritage of China. Yet, considered in the inextinguishable light of her long history, even the turmoil of the homeless assumes its place in the solemn procession of a people shaped by



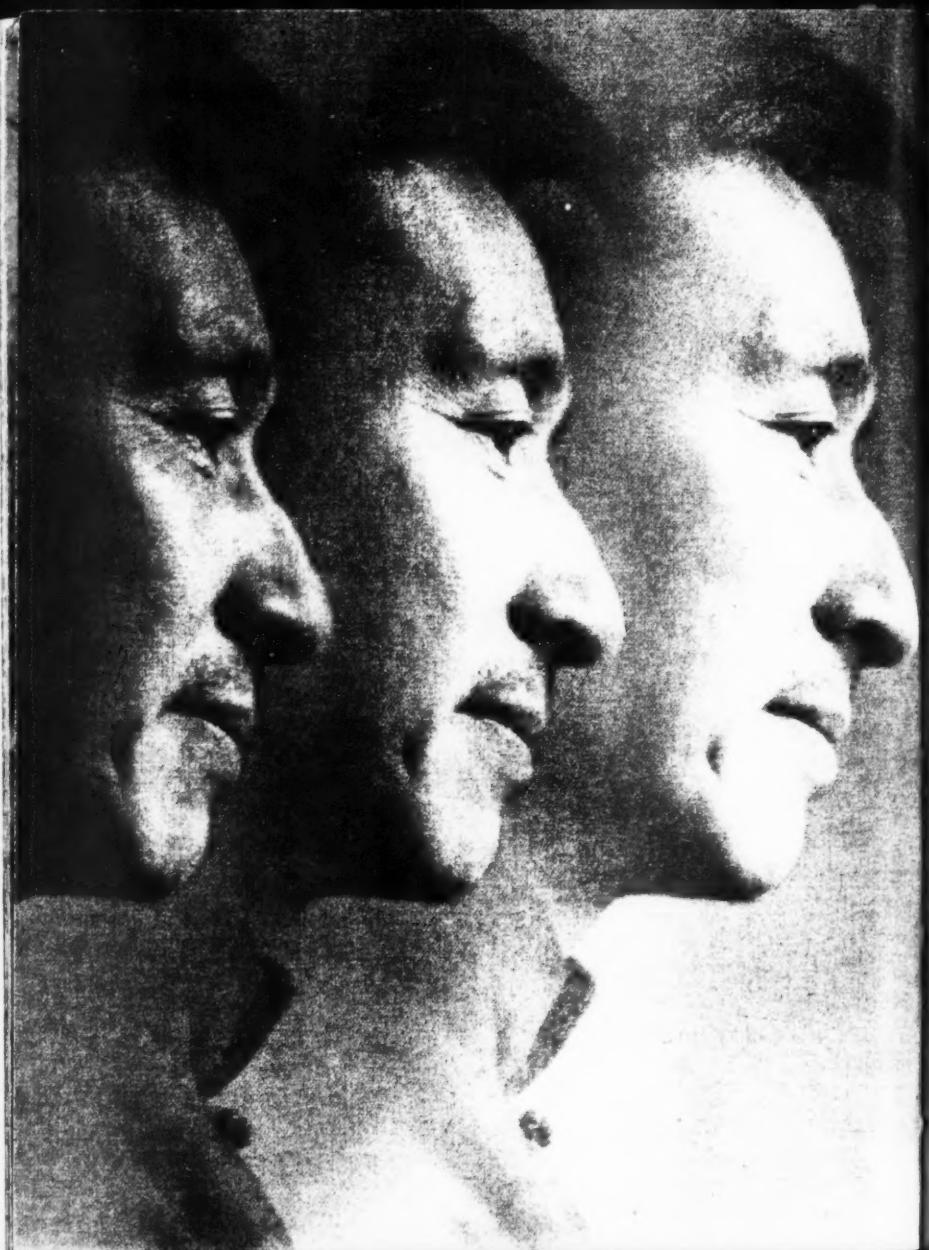
simplicity and sustained by hope. Men and women are the strength of China. Spurred on by dreams of a better tomorrow, they are as enduring as the hills that shelter them.



They will always return to the river and the fields. Tranquillity, now lost, will again embrace their lives. For China may be ravaged a thousand times, yet, after each passing sorrow, life will spring afresh



from ancient roots. The ancestral past pervades all things, and each generation learns, in the fullness of the passing years, to accept its life as a thread in the rich fabric of China's destiny.



This is the true face of China—patient, proud, touched by gentle laughter. Here, wisdom and beauty flow inexhaustibly from the well-springs of the past to bring meaning to tomorrow.

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MAY



Wheel-Chair Queen of the Chin-Uppers

by NORMAN AND AMELIA LOBSENZ

Beth Sellwood's shining example of courage has helped create a fuller life for hundreds of handicapped men and women

THE FARM WIFE PEERED cautious-
ly at the husky man who stood on her porch.

"Evenin', ma'am." He tipped his hat awkwardly. "My name's Sellwood. I have a farm down the road a bit."

"Yes?"

"It's my daughter," he went on. "She's tryin' to get a club organized, and I was wondering if I could talk to your son about it."

Hastily the woman began to shut the door. "No," she said. "He can't belong to clubs. He doesn't want to see anybody."

As the door was closing, a low voice came from a woman in a wheel chair resting in the porch shadows. "Would he see me?" she asked softly.

The farm wife sucked in her breath as she saw Beth Sellwood. Beth sits sideways in her chair, her twisted shoulders sloping at an unnatural angle. Virtually fleshless arms end in withered, tortured fin-

gers. The creeping paralysis of muscular dystrophy has ravaged even her face, freezing it into an immobile mask. Her tongue, too, is partially powerless.

Only in her wide, blue eyes does life shine through, and there it glows with unquenchable spirit. "Would your son see me?" she repeated.

The farm wife nodded. Beside this woman, her son's affliction was as nothing. If she could have such courage, then perhaps—. The door was opened wide.

Beth went in, that spring evening in 1941, to begin a labor of love that will end only when she dies. For that visit to an Oregon farmhouse was her first step toward breathing life into an idea that has since brought inspiration, faith and happiness to hundreds of physically disabled persons. It was the start of one of the most amazing organizations in America, the Chin-Up Club of Oregon.

More than 600 men and women—the paralyzed and the deformed, the blind and the bedridden—have been raised by the club from their half-world of mere existence into

the flush of a full and active life.

Many who were helpless burdens on their families now have their own homes and businesses. A man doomed to an invalid's bed learned to tie fishing flies. Today his flourishing enterprise not only gives him financial independence, but also provides jobs for half a dozen fellow Chin-Uppers.

Another, totally paralyzed save for his head, operates a message service with a special telephone worked by chin pressure. A young woman, stricken with polio in her childhood, is now a successful secretary in a children's hospital.

Other handicapped persons, who hid from the world in darkened bedrooms, today are the life of numerous Chin-Up parties. One youth, his body made rigid by arthritis, is a jovial master of ceremonies at monthly get-togethers of the Portland chapter. Two young girls, crippled by polio, stage gay holiday affairs which they hostess from their wheel chairs.

The Chin-Up Club's annual Christmas dinner draws 300. Tables are spaced far enough apart to give plenty of room for cots and wheel chairs. There are socials almost every week in various towns, and Chin-Uppers manage to get to nearly all of them. And every one of these reborn people tells you:

"Beth did it. Without Beth, we'd still be more dead than alive."

Five days a week, the 38-year-old Beth Sellwood works at a large table in the kitchen of her farm home near Salem, from 10 in the morning to well past midnight. Doctors have expressed astonishment at this display of stamina; yet there are reasons why Beth

must put in a 14-hour day. For one thing, she can peck at her typewriter only with the second finger of her left hand. It took her three years to teach herself this.

For another, almost every move she makes-reaching into a card file, answering the phone-takes an agonizing amount of time. Beth's atrophied muscles make it necessary for her to go through involved motions to attain a physical position which a normal person assumes without thinking.

Finally, Beth's paralyzed tongue and jaw make it difficult for her to talk. But through constant effort, she has overcome that obstacle, too.

Beth devotes her time and strength to Chin-Up Club business: handling official correspondence, seeking jobs or business opportunities for members, soliciting ads for the organization's newspaper, *The Beacon*, writing handicapped persons to boost their morale, and answering the sacks of mail that pour in each week.

Most of it is addressed properly to Route 2, Box 366. But even a letter from South Africa sent merely to "U.S. Chin-Up Club" reached its destination.

GREATEST HANDICAP to Beth Sellwood's work is the crippled person's fear of being ostracized or pitied. "That was my own first big fight," she says. Today, she has even reached the point where she can laugh at her condition.

However, few handicapped persons can so completely overcome self-consciousness. To battle this problem, Beth has often journeyed to distant Oregon towns to prove what can be accomplished simply



by facing—and then fighting—unpleasant facts.

There was, for instance, the day she went to the village of Milwaukee to see Bill Judd, who at 19 fell out of a rowboat and broke his neck. He is permanently paralyzed from the chest down. When Beth entered his bedroom Judd had his hands behind his wheel chair.

"What's the matter with your hands?" she asked.

"They're—no good," muttered Judd self-consciously.

Beth had a book on her lap. Slowly she worked her fingers around it, lifted it and held it out. "I brought you this," she said. "I want you to take it from me."

"I can't. I can't do anything with my fingers."

Beth's eyes flashed. "There's no such thing as 'can't.' If I'm able to hand you the book, you're able to take it."

Bill slowly drew his hands from behind the chair and awkwardly grasped the book. He stared at Beth Sellwood. "This is the first time in years," he whispered.

But Beth was not satisfied with this triumph. When Judd admitted he was ashamed of his hands, she gave him the address of a Chin-Up girl in Portland whose hands were even more deformed. Judd wrote to her. When he learned that she worked delicate embroidery, he decided that anything was possible.

Judd taught himself how to type

by hitting the keys with a wooden block grasped in the palms of his hands. Beth urged him to get a gasoline-powered wheel chair—which he drives with his thumbs—and started him in the greeting-card business.

When Judd was sure of success, he thought the Chin-Up Club had done everything possible for him. But at one chapter meeting, he met Opal Berlincourt, confined to a wheel chair by polio since childhood. Letters blossomed into romance, and romance into a wedding. Bill and Opal have been married four years now, and they live in a house built especially for them.

Twenty-four years ago, doctors gave Beth Sellwood only six months to live. But that was no news to her. She had been living on borrowed time since she was seven, when her young muscles first began to wither into uselessness. For weary years she existed in hospitals, where even specialists were unable to check the advance of the paralysis which made her case one of the most extensive in medical history.

When doctors gave up, Beth returned to live with her parents. Yet, knowing from experience the despair that affliction and loneliness can bring, she determined to reach out beyond her wheel chair to help others. She wrote to handicapped persons she knew or heard of, and to others she learned of through their advertisements for wheel chairs and invalid beds. The response was eager.

In October, 1941, the Chin-Up Club, with a nucleus of 18 members, held its first meeting in Salem. Next year, Beth was elected president. She was re-elected by

acclamation for the seventh time last June, when more than 200 Oregon Chin-Uppers attended the annual state convention.

"Beth will be president as long as she lives," one member declared.

As the club grew, it attracted the cooperation of many prominent non-disabled Oregonians, including the late Governor Earl Snell, who helped solve one of the group's big problems by arranging for special busses to transport Chin-Uppers to meetings and parties.

If you congratulate Beth Sellwood on what she has accomplished, she will figuratively shrug you off. For Beth has plans that go far beyond any mere club. She is determined to found a home to be operated and occupied exclusively by physically disabled persons. It would be a four-sided venture, for in addition to conventional living and hospital quarters the home

would include a school, a social center, a manufacturing shop, a printing press and a craft shop where handicapped people could combine occupational therapy with income-producing work.

The dream is no idle one, since more than \$9,000 has already been contributed to the building fund. But the ultimate goal, \$125,000, seems far off. Beth, however, is not discouraged. "We know it will be slow work," she says, "but the fund is beginning to snowball."

We asked Beth Sellwood the question that leaps to the mind of all who meet her: what keeps her going as the driving force behind this organization? What philosophy holds her upright on the edge of the black pit?

"Belief," she answered simply. "Belief in God, in a happier future, and in a faith that you can't be beaten if you keep your chin up."



The Weaker Sex

WHEN AN ENRAGED bull knocked down her husband, Mrs. Erma Jaggers of Metamora, Illinois, dragged the beast away by its nose ring and hung on for two hours while her injured spouse crawled to a neighbor's house for help.

A DETROIT WOMAN sustained only minor bruises when she walked into a plane's whirling propeller. The propeller was smashed to bits.

A WOMAN IN WASHINGTON, D. C., was fined \$125 for husband beating. Police testified they found her picking her husband up off the sidewalk and then throwing him down again.

WHEN SHEILA MZILI, a Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, woman, was attacked by a crocodile, she routed the reptile by biting it.

—HAROLD HELFER



Lost City in the Sky

No white man knows the mysteries of a strange and primitive Indian community

by CAROL HUGHES

THREE HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE FEET above the land of Indian pueblos, and it has no peer. Its age is as uncertain as time, its mysteries are known only to its sky-dwelling inhabitants—1,200 Acomite Indians.

The first white man discovered it in 1540, just 80 years before the *Mayflower*, and lived to regret it. Francisco Vásquez Coronado was the first white man to gain entrance to the Indian fortress, and no man then knew how old it was. The first Catholic friar who made his way to Acoma was stoned and arrowed. Yet even the legends that haunt the sky city are not as strange, weird or majestic as Acoma itself in the year 1949.

Acoma rises 357 feet above an austere New Mexico plain, as isolated today as when Alvarado first saw it looming out of the twilight in 1540. It is a sky city built on a cliff of sheer rock. Its top, of solid rock, covers 70 acres. It is a city of terraced homes, shops, stores, and a

cathedral. Yet every ounce of material to build the amazing city was carried up the cliff on the backs of Acomite Indians.

Built of adobe, brick and mortar, the church took years to erect. Its huge beams came from far-off Mt. Taylor; its graveyard is a stone box of dirt, 60 feet deep, which required decades of haulings. No one knows when the homes were built, or how long it took the patient moccasined feet of forgotten centuries to secure this sky-built citadel.

Once a year the sky city entertains the public, and tourists come to scale the high rock wall, up the "toe-and-finger-hole" trail, lugging cameras, and burning with curiosity to walk the streets, photograph the chiefs in solemn conclave and buy silver trinkets. The date is September 2, when the quiet Children of the Sun honor their patron saint with a feast and dance.

But the few who have gained access to Acoma for a night or two, when no feast was in progress, will remember other things; the hints of

the unknown; the strange trapdoors on building tops through which silent figures disappear; the weird chants from conclaves into which no Indian woman is permitted to enter; and the motionless figures that stand at twilight on roof tops, facing the sunset. All these give evidence of Acoma's secret way of life, which no white man has ever quite penetrated.

TO VISIT ACOMA, one must have a car, a quick eye, and physical endurance. Always spiritually aloof from the other pueblos, it is likewise geographically remote from the usual routes of travel. To reach the sky city, just about 65 miles from Albuquerque, one travels across rough country and drifting sands. Then, far in the distance, the unbelievable stone fortress takes shape, rising out of the sunburned wasteland like some medieval battlement.

First, the towers of the cathedral loom up like a church in the sky, then the terraced apartment houses appear, and the mind refuses to believe what the eye actually beholds. About a mile from the city, the sight-seer begins the long uphill climb over sandy wasteland to the foot of the cliff.

The sheer climb is made by a toe-and-finger-hole trail. Little niches have been made in the rock for the fingers to grasp while the foot is lodged in a similar niche. Along the 400-foot ascent are stops under projecting rocks where the weary traveler may rest and catch his breath.

The sun beats down upon a treeless wasteland and shimmering rocks. On the last desperate haul

that brings you to the crest of the mesa, there is little breath left to gasp in amazement at the city atop the stone island, as modern as today and yet as old as time.

Three parallel lines of adobe buildings begin at the edge of the cliff, like apartment houses in any city, each adjoining the other and each three stories high. They stretch along the 70 acres at the top, with narrow streets between.

Each adobe house, though adjoining its neighbor, is a separate home, housing a family or clan with walls of enormous thickness. Each has its ground-level story which serves as a corral for sheep and goats and a storage spot for winter supplies of corn, chile and other foods. Each has its jerked meat hanging in the sun to dry, alongside strings of chile, red and beautiful.

The second and third stories, each terraced, serve as the home, and are reached by a ladder from ground level. The narrow, rocky streets serve as gathering places for tribal meetings, and for the long and arduous dances.

In the heart of the pueblo is a sacred altar of adobe. Along the walls are seats for the many chieftains and other dignitaries who sit in conclave and worship. Here, no woman may enter while the chieftains are meeting.

From morning until night on feast day, the drums beat and lines of Indian dancers form at the end of the streets, gradually working their way to the front of the altar with rhythm and chant.

At the edge of the city stands the fortress church of San Esteban Rey, pride of Acoma. Its

dimensions are staggering when one has scaled the walled city and thinks of the patient people who carried it bit by bit up that sheer cliff of rock. Some 150 feet in length, its walls are 10 feet thick and rise 60 feet. There are no seats in the church: the floor of adobe and stone is barren except for a few crude benches against the wall.

To the left of the altar hangs a picture of St. Joseph said to have supernatural powers and once the cause of a legal feud between the Acomites and the Laguna Indians. The picture was given to the Acomites by the King of Spain in 1629. Stolen by the Lagunas some 200 years later, a 40-year legal battle was waged before the Acomites regained it and placed it back in their chancel.

There are no modern devices on top of the rock—no wells, no plumbing, no furnaces. Time is kept by the sun and the moon, and *poco tiempo* (slow time) is the life of Acoma. The chief source of water is a large declivity in the rocks, at the edge of the pueblo, which fills with rain water. When this is not sufficient, the women must go down into the valley and carry containers to the pueblo.

One of the amazing things about Acoma is that all the water holes are filled with tadpoles—thousands of them—unbelievable in this land of the sky. The present governor of the tribe, Martin W. Pino, explains it simply:

"They come from God. The heavens rain them down. I see them. I watch them. All the holes are dry, the water is gone. It rains and the rain brings the tadpoles

from heaven—every small hole is swimming with them."

The history of the Acomites, insofar as it is known, begins with the Spaniards. When Coronado, greatest of explorers, first entered the city, he gave his friendly greeting to the Indians and was treated with kindness, for the Indians had not yet learned to fear the white man. They had built their fortress city as protection against hostile Navajos, Apaches and Comanches, who customarily extracted a tribute of crops from lesser tribes.

But the prideful Acomites paid no tribute to any man. They could gaze down with scorn from their impregnable city and dare any roving band to invade. And as they lived in pride, they were looked up to with pride by less-fortunate tribes.

When the Spaniards began their forays in search of gold, they did not prove worthy conquerors. When word came to Acoma that the white man was slaughtering the Indian tribes below, the Acomites became the most hostile of enemies. They lured Spaniards into the sky city and murdered them. Again and again the Spaniards returned, knowing that Acoma must surrender or they would lose their claim on New Mexico.

When Vincent Zaldivar saw the sky city, he vowed that he would conquer Acoma or die in the attempt. He set off with seven captains, 70 soldiers and a small cannon. They came at dusk to the formidable cliff and were met with a hail of arrows and war cries.

Zaldivar pitched camp under a sheltering rock and waited for dark-



ness to come. As the Indian warriors howled and beat their drums, the Spaniard sent 12 men around the dark mesa with ropes, in order to haul themselves and their cannon up the far side of the cliff. All night long the men worked, edging precariously up the crags over an unknown trail. By daylight they had scaled the height and stood ready with mounted cannon.

For three bloody days and nights, the entire Spanish band fought off some 200 Indian warriors. The rocks were red with blood and every man carried a wound. But on the fourth day the proud Acomites surrendered. It was their first and last defeat.

They voluntarily came to live in peace through the good efforts of Friar Juan Ramirez, whose miracle is recorded in the history of the Church of San Esteban Rey. When the churchman announced that he was going to Acoma, he was urged by the other friars to accept an escort.

Refusing, he set out to walk alone through hostile country from Santa Fe to Acoma, a distance of more than 100 miles. When he came to the last lap of his journey, Friar Ramirez heard the Acomite war drums begin beating, and as he drew nearer he saw warriors gathered at the edge of the cliff.

At the foot of the cliff, he was greeted by hurtling arrows and rolling stones. But he began the ascent, determined to die a martyr. Just as he reached a protecting ledge, the miraculous event happened.

A little girl, daughter of a chieftain, leaned too far over the cliff and fell. Certain of her death below, the Indians began to howl

vengeance upon the lone friar. But when he appeared again on the trail, there was stunned silence, for in his arms he held the little girl, unharmed.

The Indians knelt at his feet, for this truly was a miracle. The friar did not reveal until years afterward that the girl had fallen on the ledge, had been stunned, and he had picked her up in his arms. He turned the Acomites into a peace-loving tribe, and inspired the devotion that built the cathedral which now stands as a monument to his faith and courage.

THE OLD TOWN OF ACOMA shows no signs of decay today. The Indians, sturdy as their pueblo, are healthy and intelligent. The men, smaller in stature than the average Indian, have finely chiseled features that are almost a hallmark of recognition. Industrious farmers, they work hard and are among the wealthiest of Western Indians.

Acoma is now the winter pueblo of the tribe, their summer farm lands being located at Acomita, 15 miles away. However, the sky city is still the beloved home of all Acomites.

The dwellings of Acoma usually comprise one large living room, with an open hearth for cooking and warmth, and an outside oven for cooking corn. Women still do most of the work around the home, including water-carrying, plastering and adobe work.

Food in Acomite homes is still served in the ancient custom, with members of the family squatting in a circle and eating their chile, beans and meat. For work, the men of Acoma dress in modern

overalls and shirts, while the women wear long dresses, and shawls draped over their heads.

The burial ceremony of the Acomites is still as ancient as time. When a member of the tribe dies, he must be buried within 24 hours. Only men may participate in the ceremony, except for carrying the jug of water which is broken over the grave—this may be borne by a woman. The body is wrapped in a blanket and buried with the head toward the east. All the houses remain closed while the funeral proceeds through the streets, and only the sound of weird chants inside indicates that the homes are occupied.

The dances remain the most primitive of all ceremonies. The men wear tribal costumes handed down through generations. The women are garbed in full regalia, with white leggings tucked into buckskin moccasins.

One dance may last four hours, and often men of 80 and 90 participate, never missing a beat of the

drum or a word of the chant. On feast day the Acomites sit outside their homes, where they talk to tourists, are courteous, polite and amenable to this invasion of their sacred precincts.

But when the last white man has disappeared over the cliff and the day has lowered, the silent figures climb to roof tops and stand motionless in their own ritual to the sun. Young Indian boys file silently into the sacred chambers to listen as the older men tell and retell the legends of their tribe. The women retire to their homes and dare not approach the ceremonial chambers. The faithful wend their way down the cliffs to the caves of their sacred symbols, as if to cleanse themselves of the white man's exploitation of their sacred heritage.

Acoma has once again returned to its strange and primitive existence. For this lost city in the sky resists the slightest change, and no white man will ever penetrate its hidden mysteries or know the hearts of its dwellers.



Efficiency—Plus!

A STUDIO PRESS AGENT in Hollywood was sitting behind his cluttered desk when an executive passed by.

"Better clean up your desk," suggested the executive. "Our efficiency expert might not like it."

So the press agent stuffed the loose papers, notes and clippings into a couple of drawers and left the top of the desk immaculate.

For several days he was careful not to leave any papers around. Then another studio executive passed by.

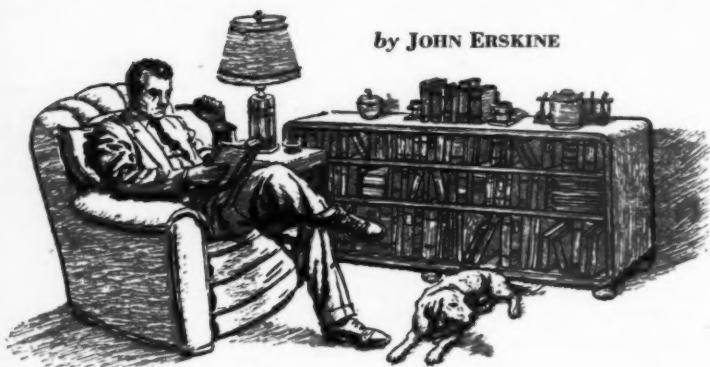
"Better clutter up your desk," he said. "Look like you're busy. Our efficiency expert, you know."

The press agent started to explain, thought better of it, and ever since has carefully kept half the desk clean and the other half cluttered.

—ERSKINE JOHNSON, *NEA Service, Inc.*

Build Your Own Library

by JOHN ERSKINE



A noted author and teacher tells how to go about collecting the books that will reflect your own character and interests

YOU PROBABLY HAVE some kind of library. Most everyone has, even if it consists of no more than the pocket dictionary which helps you over the hard words in letter writing. And there will probably be a few books of fiction—Christmas presents from relatives or friends.

But whether a library contains a thousand volumes or ten, it is a good library if it represents the owner's character and tastes. Otherwise, it is a waste of house room.

No book should be allowed to remain on your shelves unless it satisfies a need. Of course, until you read it, you won't know whether you like it or whether it expresses your character. If it doesn't, get rid of it quickly and buy something more suited to you.

Don't worry if your young library does not contain the "Hundred Best

Books" you have heard about, or if it doesn't follow some other model which you believe is a sure sign of culture. In short, if every book in your collection deals with the atomic bomb or with the game of golf, and not a single volume with philosophy, be warned against jumping to a false conclusion.

Don't rush out and buy a set of Shakespeare or Milton just to give the shelves an appearance of literary respectability. If the atom bomb or golf playing is the limit of your interests, then your library has the virtue of sincerity—it portrays you as you are. Later on, your interests may broaden.

Books are costly—if you buy them when they are first published and look only in bookstores. But the standard books in every subject are not necessarily new. Most of my books, whether purchased in this country or in Europe, I bought from secondhand dealers.

A reliable dealer can frequently

offer you a classic in a finer edition than the original popular issue, and at a very low price. Such books, or sets, are from private libraries which have been dispersed. One of the most valuable sets I own is a French edition of de Maupassant, beautifully printed on fine paper and bound in morocco. In a recent catalogue I had the satisfaction of seeing another example of this set advertised for \$250. For my set I paid \$25 many years ago.

The average library builder, however, need not pay so much for books, since your library will be built up largely by the purchase of single works. When you become fairly skillful in running down the books you are looking for, the cost of your library will not greatly exceed \$1 a volume.

There is one exception to the rule that a book which doesn't fit your temperament should be discarded. Towards the books given to us in childhood, we may develop a sentimental affection. After we are grown up, we no longer read them, but keep them on our shelves.

Tom Brown's School Days and *Tom Brown at Oxford* gave me a respect for Thomas Hughes which perhaps was excessive. I am now dividing my small collection of such books between two grandsons. I hope they will dream of Rugby and Oxford as I once did.

Otherwise, the proper care and feeding of our library involves the constant sale of books we have outgrown and the purchase of replacements. The process should go on until we approach old age, when we and our library ought to be living in harmony.

There are minor points about

which young readers should accept advice. Choose editions in which the type is large and the ink very black. You may think there is charm in a small page with small type, but when your eyes begin to grow old you will change your mind.

A well-made anthology almost always compels a born reader to buy books. From page to page he makes the acquaintance, in selections, of authors he has not heard of before. If he likes them, or cares to know them better, he dreams of owning their complete works.

Now, I would like to illustrate my notions of library building from my own experience and from the present condition of my library. The fact that I am a writer may make what I say seem far from typical. On the other hand, the lifelong study and writing of books perhaps gives me some authority on the subject.

When I left Columbia University for my first post as teacher of English at Amherst, I took with me a small library of some 200 volumes. Once established at Amherst on a salary, I began to budget my slender income so that most of my money could go into books. Usually I bought editions of the authors on whom I was lecturing. Then one day I received a call from a book agent who was taking subscriptions for standard sets of Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Had I been prudent, I should have resisted the temptation to own all these authors—with a well-made bookcase thrown in. But I was giving a course in American literature, so I signed up for everything the agent had. For the rest of my Am-

herst years the dates for paying installments came around inexorably. But I had the books—which was precisely what I wanted.

When, after six years at Amherst, I returned to Columbia, I brought home a library of more than 2,000 volumes. In the years since, my collection has grown steadily.

Since my wife is also a writer, our combined libraries have become a problem in our New York apartment, which is of medium size. She has one collection of books on New York City, another on the Far West, still another on art. We manage to live in somewhat restricted quarters by pooling our two libraries and sharing them.

I buy the books which belong to literature or general history; my wife attends to those on old New York and the Far West. But even so, our combined library numbers at present some 20,000 volumes. We maintain a kind of stabilization by weeding it out every six months, getting rid of about 500 volumes.

Now for one final bit of advice. When you read your books, never

underline a favorite passage or otherwise mutilate the page. Unless you keep the page fresh, you can never again give it unprejudiced reading. The underlinings will remind you of thoughts or opinions you have probably outgrown.

Instead of mutilating the page, make a fresh index for the book as you read. On one of the blank sheets at the back, write the number of the page where you had an impulse to underline something. This will give you the ready reference you may want at some later date.

After all this advice, you may be glad, finally, to know that a large library will give you a quiet home. There is no sound-deadener to equal a book-lined wall. But I don't pretend that this is any special excuse for collecting books. The chief reason for building your own library is this:

If the books in your home have been carefully chosen and lovingly cherished by yourself, you will find within them, as perhaps nowhere else, a true reflection of your inner personality.

A First Time

A MOTORIST, WHIPPING along a road near Dayton, Ohio, heard the reproachful beckoning of a uniformed sentry of the law. He looked at his speedometer, knew he'd better think up a good one. But he didn't have time. The policeman was upon him before the motorist could collect his wits.

"OK, OK," said the officer. "Where's your pilot's license?"

Surprised, the motorist never-

for Everything



theless reached in his billfold and pulled out his pilot's license. The officer took one look at the card, then his jaw dropped. Both men observed a moment of silence.

"For eight years, I've been asking drivers for their pilot's licenses. And this is the first time anybody ever showed me one," mourned the policeman. "OK, bud, on your way! No ticket. You HAD your pilot's license!" —MARJ HEYDICK

The Lord Was His Partner

MANY YEARS AGO, an ambitious young man was about to leave his home in Baltimore to seek fame and fortune in New York. Before setting out, he talked with a canal-boat captain, an old friend of the family. "What can you do to earn a living?" asked the gray-haired skipper.

"Nothing except make soap and candles," said the youth.

"Do that, and do it well." Then, as they shook hands, he added: "Take the Lord into partnership. Give Him at least one-tenth of what you make, and you will never fail."

Soon, the young man was manager of a Manhattan soap firm, and a few years later opened his own business. But always he set aside ten cents of each dollar for charitable work. On his books his donations were labeled, "Account with the Lord."

As business prospered, he said to his bookkeeper: "Advance that one-tenth to two-tenths." His assets soared again, and more money was given to worthy institutions and causes.

Ultimately, the businessman from Baltimore was giving away five-tenths of all his profits. Yet magically, the more he gave, the more his business flourished.

The soap manufacturer died years ago, but the memory of his good works lives on—all because he followed the advice of a wise old friend and took the Lord into partnership. He was William Colgate, one of the first directors of the American Bible Society and the man for whom Colgate University was named.

—REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

◆ A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller



ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD BRUSSEL-SMITH



The Real Magicians of Success

by VINCENT H. GADDIS

Sleight of hand has transformed careers and become a practical asset in business

ROY NAFZIGER, jovial president of the Interstate Bakeries Corporation, faced an audience of his managers, supervisors and salesmen, holding a small cage in his hands. In the cage was a miniature loaf of bread in the wrapper used for years throughout the Midwest by the Schulze Division of his firm.

Previously, Nafziger had been amusing the men with rope and card tricks; now he was about to present the climax to his conjuring.

"Old things pass away," he said. He waved his arms. Instantly the cage vanished. Then: "Behold the new!" he cried.

Behind the performer two curtains separated to reveal a huge display of bread—packaged in new blue-and-white wrappers and bathed in multicolored light. Then, to add emphasis to the sales and promotion campaign that would follow introduction of the new wrapper, Nafziger made dollar bills increase and multiply until they covered the table before him.

With 450 pounds of equipment, Nafziger and five assisting executives held 12 meetings, covered 3,500 miles and instructed hundreds of employees with this unique advertising presentation. And the magic worked. The increase in sales far exceeded the rosiest expectations of the company's advertising department.

Roy Nafziger is only one of many men who have recently made their hobby of prestidigitation a practical asset in business. This truly magical key to success has not only been a stimulant to established businesses but has actually created new fields of endeavor.

Take the case of Julien J. Proskauer. Several years ago, Proskauer, amateur magician and president of a New York printing concern, decided to use his hobby to increase business. As a result, he formed a new company — Stunts, Inc. — to teach businessmen in general how to boost sales with magic.

In collaboration with Robert

Sherman, retired conjurer and owner of a magic-trick and puzzle factory at Bridgeport, Connecticut, Proskauer produces tricks, stunts and novelties which can be used as premiums by national advertisers and agencies. Oddly enough, the company has found that the old "T" puzzle—in which four pieces of cardboard are put together to form the letter "T"—is the most popular item. Already, more than 48,000,000 have been sold.

In other lines, Stunts, Inc., has sold 6,500,000 age-guessing cards to the Seagram Distillers Corporation. New York Buick dealers used 1,000,000 shrinking or "diminishing cards," and Lipton's ordered 2,000,000 booklets on fortunetelling with tea leaves. More than 280,000 eager children sent in Pebeco toothpaste cartons to get copies of "Eddie Cantor's Book of Magic"—designed and printed by the Proskauer company.

On the other hand, some uses of modern magic are not so obvious. Dr. S. M. Ries, Minneapolis dentist, has built up a large practice with children by his ability to divert the youngsters' attention with tricks. Physicians and surgeons, like Dr. Zina Bennett, superintendent of the Michigan Mutual Hospital at Detroit, use legerdemain to keep their hands supple for surgery and to amuse discouraged invalids.

Skill in the art of honest deception has transformed many careers. Once, Lieut. Lee Allen Estes was just another officer in the Kentucky State Highway Patrol. Then he put his hobby to work and devised a magic safety show, dramatized with tricks and ventriloquism. Today Estes' name is well-known to safety

organizations and law-enforcement officers.

Michael MacDougall, famous "card detective," is another who has cashed in on his interest in magic. As a highly paid investigator of crooked gambling, he roams the country, exposing card sharks and racketeers, and between assignments amazes professional magicians with his uncanny talent.

MEREELY AS A HOBBY, many business and professional men have found magic a source of recreational pleasure. The list of well-known amateur magicians includes Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., Mayor Wilson of Macon, Georgia, radio's Professor Quiz, and orchestraleader Richard Himber.

Hollywood contributes the names of Chester Morris, Harold Lloyd, Robert Montgomery, Edmund Lowe, Orson Welles, Edgar Bergen, Jimmy Stewart, Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Autry and Veronica Lake. But magical enthusiasts come from all walks of life, and their numbers are steadily increasing.

For love of magic Howard Thurston gave up the ministry, Fred Keating quit a newspaper job, and Frederick Powell abandoned a professorship in mathematics.

William W. Larsen, veteran criminal lawyer, turned his hobby into a profitable enterprise when he purchased the Thayer magic manufacturing company in Los Angeles. Today he provides the equipment required for magic scenes in Hollywood movie productions.

The wand can wave success for women as well. When Dell O'Dell, America's most famous feminine magician, started her stage career



she conceived the idea of educating women to the benefits of healthful exercise, and her first public appearances consisted of an educational health talk spiced with rapid-fire humorous patter.

But her hobby was magic, and slowly she began introducing magical bits into her act. Dell noticed that her audiences were more interested in the tricks than in learning how to perform their daily dozen correctly, so she dropped the physical-culture lecture and became a mistress of mystery.

Age plays no part in developing skill. Bert Allerton, famed performer of supper clubs, was an oil salesman until he learned his first trick at 45. Moreover, magic has been a financial life preserver for many hobbyists during times of crisis. Russell Swann, the night-club mystic, turned to magic for support when he lost his job in a New York brokerage house in 1932.

Cardini, the suave deceiver regarded as one of the greatest living sleight-of-hand entertainers, found the beginning of his career on a hospital bed. Seriously wounded in World War I, he was an invalid for many months. One day a visiting magician showed him a few tricks. His interest aroused, Cardini spent long hours working out new methods of manipulation, and when recovery finally came, he began his magical climb to success.

From the invention and sale of

a single trick—the disappearance of a small glass of liquid between the hands—Percy Abbott has built up the largest magic-supply firm in the world. Located in the village of Colon, Michigan, the hamlet of hokum that is also the home of the famous Harry Blackstone, Abbott's Magic Novelty Company is now housed in five buildings and offers buyers more than 3,000 items.

Magic is not difficult to learn. Hundreds of tricks require little manual skill, and many more practically work themselves. A sense of showmanship and dramatic values is far more important than mere technical dexterity. John Mulholland, a recognized authority, rates showmanship at 80 per cent, and manual skill and apparatus at ten per cent each.

One can concentrate on tricks with cards, coins, thimbles, billiard balls or cigarettes, or delve into the domains of mental, mathematical or escape illusions. There are thousands of tricks, but only seven basic effects—a disappearance, an appearance, a transportation of objects, a physical change in an object, a defiance of natural law, an invisible source of motion, and apparent mental phenomena (mind reading).

The first step is to obtain books on the subject—works like Blackstone's *Secrets of Magic*, Mulholland's *The Art of Illusion* or Gibson's *Professional Magic for Amateurs*. Most public libraries contain these or similar volumes. Then, the prospective conjurer should join a magic club. The professional organization is the Magicians Guild of the U. S., but there are about 100 independent organizations in

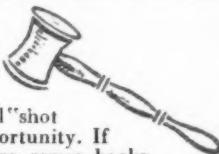
the country, and at least two national amateur societies—the Society of American Magicians (SAM), with headquarters in New York, and the International Brotherhood of Magicians (IBM), located at Kenton, Ohio.

SAM and IBM both have large memberships. A recent analysis of annual applications revealed that the average age of applicants is 33½ years, with 57 per cent of them amateurs. Out of 564 occupations represented, it was found that salesmen, machinists, attorneys, clerks, physicians, photographers and accountants led the list in that order.

No one is more fascinated by magic than magicians, and both national societies hold annual conventions that are carnivals of conjuring. Dealers from large cities display their wares, and at nightly shows the top-ranking performers of our time present their acts.

The trade of magic is one of never-ending surprise and variety, and as a hobby it offers far more than mere escape from boredom. It can be the truly magical key to popularity and opportunity for self-improvement. With a wave of the magician's wand, your social or professional career can be changed—for the better.

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PANCHO VILLA'S HIDDEN TREASURE



by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Deep in the Sierra Madres is a fortune in gold and silver; here is the story, never told before, of how it got there

SOMEWHERE IN THE fastnesses of Mexico's ghostly Sierra Madre Mountains lies one of the greatest lost treasures in the world. Deep in a cave, or series of caves, are piles of gold and silver bars, sacks of gold and silver coins—at least 100 million dollars' worth. But, so far, the precise location of this vast treasure is known only to bats, lizards—and a dead man.

The glittering hoard was once owned by Pancho Villa (pronounced "vee-ya"), cruellest and most successful bandit of the 20th century. Throughout his career of plundering, he cached the precious metal—the only legal tender he recognized—amid the lonely Sierra peaks. The mountains have kept his secret well. The treasure is still there; anybody can have it. Anybody, that is, who can find it.

The story behind this hoard has never been told before. Only a few of Villa's intimates ever knew what he did with his blood-stained mil-

lions. When the bandit's empire collapsed, many legends grew to fairy-tale proportions—but the facts about his fabulous fortune were lost in a welter of rumors. This is the way it actually happened.

In the early 1900s, Villa had slipped across the border to El Paso, Texas, a fugitive from Mexican justice. From a penniless boy vagrant who lived by petty stealing, Villa had graduated to armed robbery. Inevitably a man got in his way and Villa added another offense to his record—murder.

While he was in El Paso as a "political refugee," an incident occurred that was to change the course of Mexican history. In a shoddy hotel he met an American newspaperman whose curiosity was stirred by Villa's glowering face, his walrus moustache.

Over a glass of tequila, the Yankee learned of the outlaw's crimes. Quickly he saw copy possibilities in the Mexican. Here was a headline-hungry villain with ruthless ambition. But the renegade's real name, Doroteo Arango, was colorless.

"We'll change it!" said the resourceful reporter.

"To what?" asked the bandit.



In the dim barroom the American studied the swarthy features, the piercing black eyes.

"Pancho—Pancho Villa!"

"Bueno!" Villa liked his new name. It would fool the authorities south of the border.

"Another thing," said the reporter. "You need a gang. Once you have men to follow you, you'll really make headlines."

For the rest of the evening, the reporter poured ideas into Villa's ears. In a few short hours, Villa was transformed from a small-time killer and cattle rustler into the vicious bandit leader who terrorized Mexico for more than a decade.

Crossing the border again into Mexico, Villa soon collected a band of malcontents who were anxious to live outside the law and loot in high style. Before long, his followers assumed the character of an army. Then, in 1910, when Villa joined Madero's successful revolt against the Mexican government, they marched out of local headlines into the world spotlight.

In his outlaw days, Villa's strategy had been simple but effective. The army would camp quietly in the hills, a few miles from an un-

suspecting town. On a working day, when the men were in the fields or mines, the raiders would swoop down, hundreds strong.

First they would seize the bank, taking all the gold and silver the vaults contained. Any policeman or citizen who tried to interfere was killed immediately. One group of outlaws would comb the city and outlying farms for the finest horses; another group stormed the shops for food. Then, while the town lay paralyzed with fear, Villa's bodyguard, the pick of his band, would break into the homes of prominent residents, snatch wives and daughters, and take them to a rendezvous where they were held for enormous ransoms.

Meantime, the rank and file of his army had ransacked the homes of lesser townspeople, raped the women, stolen what they wanted, shot anyone who protested, and even tortured for the sheer pleasure of torturing. After a wild day of plundering, Villa would lead his men back into the mountains.

IN 1916, A YEAR AFTER Villa had broken with the Federal Government, northwest Mexico was in a state of terror. When his army closed in on a town, citizens would rush through the streets shrieking "Villa! Villa! Villa!" The sound of his name caused home owners to freeze in horror. And usually the police yielded meekly rather than risk being shot down.

Once, when bank officials saw Villa approaching, they threw open the doors and unlocked the vaults. The bandit leader, pistols leveled, ordered his men to get busy. When the raiders had picked the place

clean, Villa looked scornfully at the cringing bank staff. Then, with an oath, he shot down two of the unarmed men.

Outside on the street, one of his henchmen asked the bandit chief: "Why did you do that?"

"*Quien sabe?*" said Villa, and, without changing his expression, sent a bullet into the head of his questioner.

After each raid, Villa paid off his men in gold and silver coin. But always, there was plenty left over. As the raids grew in size, he was faced with the problem of finding a safe place for his swelling hoard. He had no real home. He scorned banks. There was nothing to do but hide his loot—in secret.

In each plundered town, there were a few police or other enemies who were spared for a special fate. Instead of being killed, they were seized and taken along with the army. After the loot was divided, Villa gathered eight or ten of the doomed men around him. While he stood by with pistols, the men loaded burros with gold and silver. Then the strange procession set out

Brooklyn-born Sidney Franklin is the only non-Latin ever to be recognized by bullfight aficionados as a full-fledged matador. The son of a New York policeman, he left home at an early age and boarded a boat bound for Mexico. There young Sidney opened a shop to print bullfight posters. Eventually he attended a bullfight and, enthralled by the performance, resolved to become a fighter himself. Since then, he has appeared in all the big rings of Spain, Portugal, France, Mexico and South America, where he has won an enviable reputation for bravery, daring and style.

from camp—Villa on horseback, the prisoners walking, the burros burdened with treasure.

No one knows exactly where the bandit chief led these groups. Death was the reward of anyone who dared to follow. But when Villa found a suitable hiding place, he directed the men to unload the burros and cache the stolen money. That done, he ordered them to march in another direction.

Finally the company was called to a halt. Each man was commanded to take a shovel and dig a trench six feet long and three feet deep. Villa sat by, guns ready, until the ominous task was completed. Then, while the dumb burros looked on, he shot one man after another, their bodies crumpling into the freshly dug graves.

The graves of some of these victims have been discovered—but never a trace of the treasure. Villa would return to camp by a round-about route. There, he was greeted by silence, for no one had the courage to ask questions.

Many "insiders" who knew Villa personally have speculated on the whereabouts of the hidden treasure. The Sierra Madres are a continuation of our Rocky Mountains. The region is sparsely populated. There are few roads or trails. Yet somewhere in that maze lies the buried loot, concealed with the same animal cunning that for years enabled Villa to outwit almost every attempt to capture him.

Only once after he became famous did Villa get into serious trouble. Out of defiance at what he considered the brash recognition of the Mexican government by the United States, he raided the Amer-

ican border town of Columbus, New Mexico, on a March night in 1916. Villa's men set fire to buildings, kidnapped all the women they could find, and stole horses and military equipment belonging to the U. S. Army. The American press howled indignation.

Thus it was that Gen. John J. Pershing led the famous Punitive Expedition into the mountains of Mexico in search of Villa. For months, "Black Jack" tracked his quarry, while American newspapers covered the chase daily in columns of print. The event was a public sensation and did much to arouse interest in the Army, increase enlistments, and focus national attention on armed preparedness. More than once, Pershing practically had his hands on Villa, only to be foiled as the foxy Mexican made a baffling maneuver.

Several years later, after a series of revolutions, the government of Mexico settled down to comparative stability under Adolfo de la Huerta. Unable to catch Villa or meet him in battle, de la Huerta made a deal. He gave Villa control of the State of Durango (slightly larger than Ohio), and an income of 5,000,000 pesos a year (then \$2,500,000).

In addition, all of Villa's officers and men were paid a full year's salary, while his personal bodyguard of 50 picked men were put on the permanent Federal pay roll. In return, Villa disbanded his army and settled down as lord of a feudal domain.

Many people believe that during these uneventful years Villa slyly gathered his entire hoard and hid

the treasure in one central place. It is known that he took solitary trips into the mountains, sometimes vanishing for days at a time. But where he went or what he did, no one can say for certain.

Meanwhile, Alvaro Obregon was installed as President, and as his position grew more secure he began laying plans to get rid of Villa, once and for all. Although the outlaw and Mexico were temporarily at peace, a constitutional amendment was still in force, declaring Villa a national menace and offering a reward of 25,000 pesos for his capture, dead or alive.



Late in the Spring of 1923, Obregon ordered Diputado Salas, a trusted deputy, to "Get Villa." It was one of the riskiest assignments imaginable. Villa was surrounded by bodyguards who shot first and asked questions later. Spies and informers kept him aware of everything that went on in his territory. Just to get near Villa was a problem. Getting a shot at him seemed all but impossible.

Salas cautiously selected 30 reliable undercover workers, all sworn to secrecy. Gradually this small task force filtered into Hidalgo, Chihuahua, where Villa then had his headquarters. Salas' men learned that, three times a week, their quarry motored to the little town of Jiménez, 55 miles distant, to visit his current mistress. On these days, he ordered the road closed to all traffic.

At noon, the highway was blocked off at each end. By 1:30, it was clear. At 2 P.M., accompanied by four bodyguards armed with sub-machine guns, Villa took off

in an open touring car and raced down the road at 70 miles an hour. Usually he stayed in Jiménez until 5 P.M., then roared back to Parral.

The wild country between the two towns offered a perfect setting for an ambush, but, just to be sure, Salas checked and rechecked for three months. At last, he had Villa's movements timed to the second. Then his men gathered at the chosen spot, a slight curve in the road about halfway between the towns, hidden by a low hill.

On the afternoon of July 20, 1923, traffic on the sun-baked road began to thin. Soon it was deserted. By 2 P.M., Salas and his men were in position, armed and waiting.

At last, they heard the roar of a high-powered motor. The men tensed. As the car came screaming around the curve, sub-machine guns, plus hand grenades, converged on the target.

No one in the car had a chance to fire in retaliation. The machine careened across the road, spilled

over an embankment and came to a halt 20 feet down the mountain-side. The bodyguards had been hurled from the machine. Villa alone remained in it, slumped in the right front seat, sub-machine gun still in his lap.

So legendary was the indestructibility of Villa that it was necessary to make an official inspection of the corpse and to circulate scores of pictures of the dead desperado to convince the public. Salas was officially proclaimed a national hero and received 100,000 pesos reward from a grateful government. Soon afterward, however, he was forced to flee the country when he heard that some of Villa's followers had sworn revenge.

Villa died with the secret of his hidden treasure unrevealed. Whether it is all in one spot or distributed in many caches is a matter for conjecture. But either way, there it is, waiting in the Sierra Madres for anyone who has the urge to look for it—and the luck to find it.

Improving on the Dictionary

Civ'i-li-za'tion—An advance from shoeless toes to toeless shoes.

—*Forest Echoes*

Crit'i-cism—Proof you have done something worth attracting attention.

—CHAL HERRY

Hind'sight—A mistake viewed from the rear.

Pro-crás'ti-na'tion—The art of keeping up with yesterday.

—*Forest Echoes*

Sense of Hu'mor—What makes you laugh at something that would make you mad if it happened to you.

Sta'tion Wag'on—Something a city person buys when he moves to the country so the country people will know he's from the city.

—LEJEUNE *Globe*

Whis'per—The way to make people believe what they otherwise wouldn't.

—*The Burning Question*



Silver Linings

Here is proof that faith, hope and charity are still a source of human inspiration

THE TOWN OF PARIS, ILL., is a community where the Golden Rule works in everyday life. Mrs. Albert Brown, of near-by Chrisman, found a wallet containing a substantial sum of money. She left it at a newspaper office and inserted a paid advertisement for the owner. When it was not claimed, she refused to keep the wallet, saying she might lose her own pocketbook some day, and turned the money over to the Red Cross.

A week later, Deputy Sheriff Clem Edwards found a purse containing money in the courthouse yard. He left it at the newspaper office and waived any reward.

The purse belonged to Mrs. Albert Brown of Chrisman.

—T. J. McINERNEY

DURING THE WARTIME gas shortage I was driving up a hill on my way home one afternoon. A woman carrying two large grocery bags was pushing her way up the steep sidewalk. My immediate impulse was to ask if she would like a ride. But that meant stopping on the incline.

She probably lives on one of the side streets a block or so away, I told myself. But my "giving-self"

squelched that argument and I pulled over to the curb.

"Can I give you a lift?" I asked.

The woman accepted gratefully. Unexpected guests had arrived and she had had to walk two miles to town for groceries. She was just starting the long trek home.

It turned out that she had recently moved into a house just around the corner from my own home. By obeying an impulse, I made the acquaintance of a delightful new neighbor.

—DAVID DUNN in *Try Giving Yourself Away*

ON THE SIDEWALK of one of the main streets of Valparaiso, Chile, stood a familiar blind beggar, dolefully picking out a local tune on his guitar in the hope of hearing a few coins drop into the tin cup tied to his instrument. Three American sailors from the *U. S. S. Trenton*, which happened to be in port, came upon this beggar as they were passing down the street, and one of them went up to the blind man and asked for the loan of his guitar.

The beggar, not understanding the language or what was happening, clung fiercely to his instrument, thinking someone was trying to

take possession of it, but a Chilean policeman explained matters to him and the guitar changed hands. The sailor was soon strumming that guitar as it had never been played before, singing song after song of popular melodies and Negro spirituals which have long been favorites of the Chilean people. Before long a large crowd had been attracted, and not only coins, but generous paper bills overflowed the blind man's cup. Not until then did the sailor and his company continue roaming the streets of our port, leaving the spectators spellbound by their "beau geste."

—WILLIAM KENCHINGTON

AUGUST 26, 1948, WAS a record-breaking hot day in New York City. In the hope of finding a cool breeze, I wandered into Central Park shortly after noon. Most of the shady spots were already occupied. In my search for a free one I wandered into the enclosure off the sheep meadow where there are adequate benches for sitters.

After a few minutes, my attention was attracted to the nearest drinking fountain. Every so often people went toward it, but instead of drinking they stood by for a while, then crossed the playground to the fountain on the other side, where they drank. From where I sat all I could see was that a boy of about ten was playing the water into a spray at the nearer fountain.

After a few minutes of the 100-degree temperature and not much breeze, I headed for the nearer fountain where the youngster was still spraying the water about.

On getting closer, I too simply

stood and watched, not drinking. On the ground were about 20 sparrows splashing happily in the shower the young boy provided. As satisfied bathers left by twos and threes, other panting birds with beaks wide open flew down out of near-by trees. Like the hot New Yorkers who had preceded me, I too crossed the yard for the drink I wanted.

—ISABELLE GODEK

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, a circus rolled into Manassas, Virginia. Soon the usual crowd gathered to watch the unloading. Among the interested spectators was a small group of elderly men, who sat and watched as eagerly as the children until just about time for the afternoon performance. Then they got up and started away.

Seeing them leave, a circus official asked why they were not staying for the show. He was informed that they were inmates of the District Home and had no money.

"You go back and get everybody at the Home ready," said the official. "We'll send cars over for you in a few minutes."

True to his word, the cars were soon there, and all those able to go spent the afternoon as guests of the management, with transportation furnished by the circus.

—HELEN M. JOHNSON

Coronet invites its readers to contribute true stories or anecdotes to "Silver Linings." For each item accepted, we will pay \$50, upon publication. All contributions must be type-written, and none can be acknowledged or returned. Please address: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

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The Big Parade

WHEN IT COMES to enjoying parades, America is a land of perpetual youth. From the local magistrate to the lad who delivers groceries, everyone turns out for the gay pageantry and excitement, for the carnival cavalcade that is every show on earth rolled into one.



Hours before the parade gets underway, the marchers have met in the side streets. Then comes the long, weary wait, the marshal scurrying about to bring order out of chaos. Will it ever get started?



Out on the avenue, the early rush for vantage points has begun. But the youngsters have no problem—they would rather watch from a tree than have the best seat up in the reviewing stand.



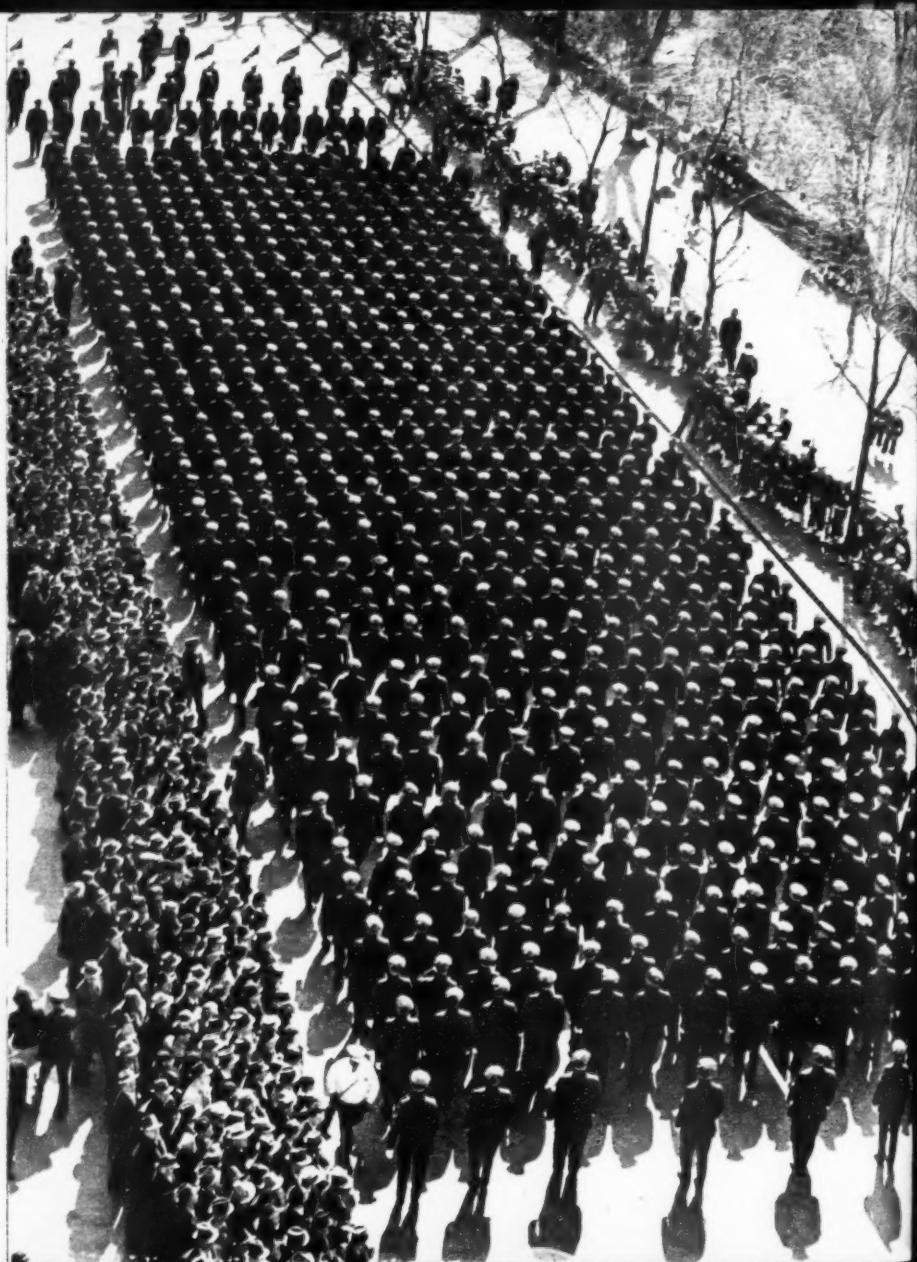
Tense expectancy runs through the packed throng. With every rumor that "They're coming," feet shuffle and children stand on tiptoe, craning for the first glimpse of glittering braid or flashing silk.



The suspense continues to pyramid until it becomes almost unendurable. Suddenly a trumpet blares far down the street. "Hey, that might be my Pop!" Then someone screams: "Here they come!"



Now tension erupts into spontaneous bursts of tumult that greet the high-stepping majorette and her twirling baton. All discomfort evaporates. This is the great moment—the parade is on!



With crisp step, massed men swing down the avenue to the measured rhythm of marching music. Past the spellbound watchers they go, inducing an electric excitement, a rippling gasp of wonder.



A storm of shredded paper pours down to blanket the drama. Everyone strains for a better view. Children drift out into the street, hypnotized. At this moment, almost everybody is in the show.



One of the unscheduled thrills of any parade is seeing your friends among the marchers. That beauty atop the float is not a glamorous figure from another world—the chances are she is your neighbor.



Yet American men and women march with deeply serious intent, too. Sure of attracting attention, paraders have espoused causes ranging from higher pay to the election of a new President.



Most parades, however, are calculated to eclipse the serious present. Almost every Main Street has responded clamorously to the rumble of covered-wagon wheels, to the cartwheels of circus clowns.



And just as parades vary from local affairs to national celebrations, so the marchers may include the Governor and the corner druggist, who today has traded his smock for a ten-gallon hat.



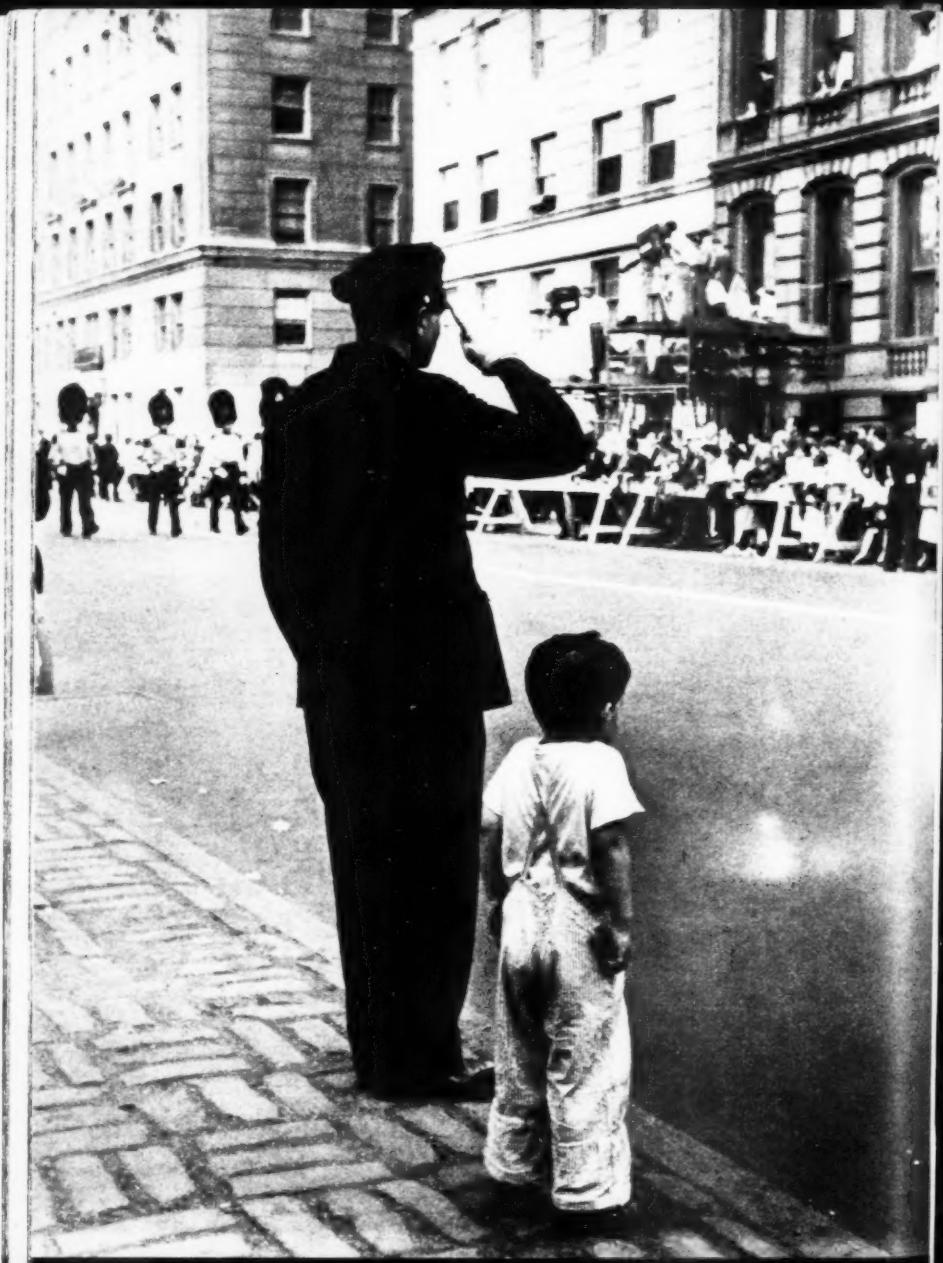
What teen-age girl has not imagined herself riding the flowered float in majestic splendor—as Queen of the Day? For who knows? This year's lady-in-waiting may be next year's Miss America.



And when the worthy causes of the community require their united support, men of good will, of different faiths and occupations, all march side by side, strongly welded in a common front. . . .



. . . the little boy who lives next door strides stiffly along behind the drum major. Self-consciously aware of all eyes fixed upon him, he knows that he's the luckiest kid alive—he's in a parade.



All parades have one thing in common. In that heart-stirring moment when the flag is carried by, pride wells up in us. We are reminded again of the oneness of this nation—we are all Americans.



A more sober moment comes when the crowd lines the streets to pay their last respects to a great public figure. Once he rode these streets in triumph. Now all heads are bowed in silent prayer.



As the procession slowly passes to the melancholy accompaniment of muffled drums, memories crowd in on the rows of people—memories of a stalwart figure, a flashing smile—other parades.



But the true wonder of a parade is reflected in the wide-eyed amazement of children, breathlessly watching a pageant of tumbling acrobats, listening to the steady *oom-pah-pah* of the tuba.



For their elders, it is the bubbling antics which make parades a boisterous holiday, magically transporting them back to their own youth. Even the cops grin, and good cheer is the order of the day.



By the time the last float has gone by, the kids are yawning, worn out by the wonder of all they have seen. But within them is the glowing happiness of a day they will remember through the years.

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How to Raise Normal Children

by HUBERT A. KENNY

An expert on child development offers a scientific yardstick for parents to use in gauging the progress of their young

"I HATE YOU! You're mean! I'll kick you!"

When a five-and-a-half-year-old throws this sort of a tantrum, the average parent reaches for a hair-brush or his own variation of the Biblical rod. But according to Dr. Arnold Gesell, authority on child development, that understandably irritated parent would do better if he looked up a timetable instead.

Gesell's is no ordinary timetable, however. It is one that shows what the average child will do from the day he is born until the age of ten. Your youngster's tantrums at a certain stage of development—around five and a half—reflect a natural phase in the growth cycle and will quickly pass.

Gesell has been studying children (including his own) since 1911,

when he established the now-famous Clinic of Child Development at Yale University. Using a movie camera, he and his staff have studied and photographed some 12,000 children and analyzed more than 300,000 feet of film. The result is history's first accurate record of the average performance of normal, growing children.

This record reveals what your child should be able to do at each age up to his tenth birthday. Dr. Gesell has discovered so many facts about how a child learns to creep, crawl and walk, how he learns to talk, how he masters his muscles from top to toe, that his findings have become increasingly important in training baby and child specialists throughout the country, and serve as an invaluable guide to parents everywhere.

The Yale studies prove that the first five years bring the most startling changes of any half-decade in our lives. And, unquestionably, the most challenging problems for parents are posed in the first ten. By

learning what to expect and what not to expect, parents can do a far better job of bringing up well-balanced, well-adjusted children.

The story of Gesell's research begins in 1906 when, three years after his graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he earned his Ph.D. in psychology. Five years later he established the Yale Clinic with the praiseworthy aim of helping backward children. But he soon found out that he needed more than psychology for the job, so he took his M.D. at Yale in 1915.

By this time, he realized that unless more was known about *normal* children, little could be done for the less fortunate. In spite of books full of opinions and treatises, one startling fact remained: there was no scientific definition of the average or the abnormal child.

What Gesell wanted was a yardstick for the whole child—to measure infant and child behavior, including physical ability, the child's use of language, his judgment, his social adaptability, his mental potentialities. To do that, Gesell had to start from scratch and devise his own methods.

It was obvious that the tools would have to be adapted to the child's ability to use them. So if the layman visiting Yale Clinic expects a psychology laboratory fitted with calibrated dials like a B-29, he is due for a shock. The testing devices are building blocks, rattles, rings, crayons, a ball, a cup, a short flight of stairs, and the like.

How can the clinic define "normal" or "average" by use of mere toys? In answer, Gesell looks back over the years to a procession of mothers who have brought their

six-month-old infants to Yale. Each child was taken into an observation room and placed in a crib. Then, when he was adjusted to this strange new place, a rattle was placed where he could see and hear it.

Over the years, with hundreds of babies, Gesell and his staff found that the average six-month-old will reach out purposefully for the rattle. Though some babies could reach when they were only five months old, and others waited until seven months, the tests nailed down this one fact: the *average* infant will reach for a rattle when he is six months old!

Other tests were made with these babies, of course, and hundreds of children were brought back to the clinic at regular intervals for new tests that eventually established the average performance of infants from birth to the age of five, and typical behavior traits to the age of ten. The Yale staff now knows that a child showing any marked departure from the standard reactions needs careful diagnosis—possibly special treatment.

There are differences as well as similarities in the time schedule and development of children. Of five babies slightly more than nine months old, one makes swimming motions with his arms and legs in an attempt to go forward, but makes no progress. Another crawls on his stomach, pulling himself forward with his arms. Another rises on his hands and knees and advances by falling forward again and again. Still another creeps on hands and knees, while a fifth moves on all fours, like a bear.

All five babies are the same age and perfectly normal. The differ-

ences in their development dramatically illustrate Gesell's point that every child develops according to his own personal time schedule.

But within days or weeks of the average schedule, every normal child will pass more of the development tests for his age. The six-month-old will reach for the rattle and the two-year-old will build a tower of blocks, imitating the doctor's performance.

But suppose the baby of six months ignores the rattle? Does that prove he is a dolt? Not by itself. The child may have some defect which needs special attention.

Imagine what might have happened to two-year-old Bobby, if he hadn't been tested at the Yale Clinic. Bobby was a problem child who screamed and had tantrums. The parents said that the stubborn and unmanageable youngster simply would not talk.

Dr. Catherine Amatruda, clinic expert on diagnosis, found what had been wholly unsuspected—Bobby was deaf! Frustrated because he couldn't communicate with his parents or with other children, Bobby's personality was being tragically warped.

Lucy, on the other hand, looks like a normal, bright-eyed two-year-old. But actually, examiners say that she is considerably brighter than average. How can they tell at that early age? Well, look at just one of the many tests.

When Lucy was sitting at a table, she imitated the doctor and built a tower of building blocks ten high without spilling them. This is far better than average, so Lucy's performance in the "play" test, combined with physical examinations



and other performance tests in which she excelled, gives the doctor good reason for saying that Lucy will likely become a gifted adult.

But if Lucy's development is only average in some other faculty—say, the use of language—it would be ill-advised for her parents to expect her, or try to force her, to use more words or phrases than the average two-year-old.

What Gesell means by "expecting too much" is emphasized in some examples he cites. No mother, he says, is likely to spank a nine-month-old baby because he hasn't begun to creep, even though her neighbor's child of the same age may be quite active. But later on, the same mother may commit a grave injustice by trying to force her child's development.

Insistence on perfect table manners for the six-year-old is one of the commonest mistakes. Few parents realize that at this age the demands of the "proper" dinner table are out of all proportion to the child's capacity.

PARENTS ARE CRITICIZED not only for their views on youthful table manners; they have been under fire ever since psychologists began to dwell on the tragic results of improper handling of children. They have been blamed for juvenile delinquency, and for nearly all the faults and foibles of the younger generation. A less-tolerant man

than Gesell might join the accusers and lash out at parental injustice and ignorance. But he confines his words to quiet statement and constructive suggestion.

His constant plea is for greater understanding of how a child grows; for parental respect for each child's individual traits. The vastly important growing process is just as orderly as the infant's development in the nine months before birth. It does not occur by fits and starts; every faculty of the child progresses toward greater maturity with the passage of each day.

Ask a three-year-old to do something, and he is usually eager to please. But around five and a half, the same child comes into a new phase of development. Ask him to do something, and his whole nature is apt to rebel.

But don't despair. At seven, he will probably be eager to please again. And, just as important as his previous "orneriness," he may be sensitive now—to the point of tears at a word of disapproval. Then, at eight, adults intrude into his absorbing new world, and he may be annoyingly slow to respond.

"In a minute, Mom," or "Okay,

I'll do it later," or "Why do I have to do it *now*?" are key words to his new reactions.

"Be your age!" is a reproof that can only be hurled at an adult, for one broad lesson that parents can learn from Gesell's research is that normal children *do* act their age. And unless your child of five is a super-genius, you should know that trying to force him into a seven-year-old pattern is futile.

A child of five can no more do a seven-year-old job than you can do Einstein's—until time and development make it possible. And trying to force the child at any age may actually retard his natural progress and do permanent harm. You cannot make him over in your own, grown-up image, says Dr. Gesell. He is an individual, and must do his own growing.

So whether a child's age is ten days or ten years, your job is to guide. And the most intelligent, most helpful guidance comes from recognizing his stage of development each year, each month, each day—almost knowing in advance what he will be able to say and do today and tomorrow, and always treating him accordingly.



Pity the Poor Floorwalker!

IN THE OFFICE of the manager of a big-city department store, a woman patron was registering a complaint.

"I can't understand," said she, "why your floorwalker had to be so unreasonable. I asked him a simple question, but before he an-

swered he wanted to know where I came from."

"What did you ask him?" the manager gently inquired.

"Just a plain, simple question," the lady retorted. "All I said was, 'Pardon me, but is this the second turn to the left?'"

—Christian Science Monitor

Do You Know These Animals?

The same word often means different things. Below are pictured 20 objects bearing names which are also applicable to various members of the animal kingdom. Do you recognize them? Answers are on page 157.

Match picture numbers with correct name.

- bat
- beaver
- boa
- buck
- cat
- caterpillar
- cock
- crane
- crow
- fly
- horse
- mouse
- perch
- pig
- pike
- pony
- rattlesnake
- seal
- sole
- worm



KING OF OFFICE OVERLOADS



by RAY BRENNAN

Samuel L. Workman parlayed \$107 into Big Business by minding other people's affairs

A NUMBER OF CHICAGO business-men were puzzled during the summer vacation season to receive picture postcards showing a New York hotel and bearing this message in a dainty hand:

"Dear Boss: Having a wonderful time on my vacation. If my work piles up too high, call Workman at RAndolph 6-8250.—June"

The busy but intrigued executives checked and could find no record of a girl employee named June on vacation. Many of them then called RAndolph 6-8250 and asked what it was all about.

What they got was a sales talk from Samuel L. Workman, greatest go-getter who ever started out with \$107 and wound up with a million-dollar-a-year proposition that is now doing business with more than 3,500 firms. Workman claims he is the only man in the world who has 1,400 private secretaries, and minds everybody's business but his own.

He is a squarely built man of 45, with an animated face, a black moustache, eyes like an electric drill, and the vocabulary, when pressed, of an infantry sergeant.

Sam operates what he once called a calculating service, but he now has a more imposing title for it—"Workman Service, Incorporated, Calculating, Typing, Tabulating and Transcribing. We Do the Best."

Sam has a descriptive name, too: "King of the Office Overloads." He will do anything from untangling a retroactive pay roll of a billion-dollar corporation to making an egg-production cost-analysis for a chicken farmer going broke on 100 submarginal acres in Indiana.

Workman's 1,400 young ladies handle the routine work. To assist them, Sam provides \$500,000 worth of machines that will do just about every office task except go down to the corner for a carton of coffee.

Workman's fame and fortune are based on the proven fact that almost every business concern occasionally gets plagued with a pile-up of paper work. The average company isn't geared to handle the volume of pencil-pushing, type-writer-pounding, adding-machine-punching and figure-squinting that occurs with an inventory, a sales analysis, a deluge of purchasing or-

ders, or the debacle of a fire destroying all records.

When these situations arise, Workman steps in with trained personnel and office machines. For example, he tells of the Ohio toy manufacturer who put out a plastic doll for the Christmas trade. The toy man expected to sell, at \$1 each to jobbers and retailers, about 5,000 dolls. But orders poured in by the tens of thousands.

The Ohioan was only a small operator, and those plastic dolls could make him rich. But he couldn't handle the paper work—not with his staff of six persons. "I am like a man walking along a street covered with dollar bills that I can't pick up," he told a friend.

The friend told him about Sam Workman, and the toy man called Chicago. Next day, Sam got an air-express bundle of 2,000 letters from the manufacturer. Each was an order for 12 to 500 dolls. Some of the orders were two weeks old. Workman put 20 girls on the job. They sorted the orders, mailed lists to the manufacturer, made out bills and sent them to each dealer. The toy man manufactured the dolls, boxed and shipped them. Soon he sold every doll he could fabricate, and jubilantly paid Workman his fee.

WORKMAN WAS BORN in Hillsboro, Ohio, went through the fifth grade, and worked in an Akron rubber plant until the Depression bounced him. Then he hopped a freight train for Chicago and got a job as a cost clerk (a term with which he was vaguely familiar) in a wholesale sales office. All the job required was a man who could operate a typewriter and an adding

machine. Sam could do both, to a modified degree.

He was content for six months, until an errand sent him to the company from which his employer leased office machinery. As Sam strolled around the plant, looking at devices that could add, divide, multiply and subtract, he became a young man with a definite purpose. He returned to the plant next day and switched jobs. As "junior salesman," he was given a training period to learn about the machines he was to sell.

There were, however, some things that puzzled Sam about the business world, but when he inquired about a course in administration at Northwestern University, he found it would take him six years. So he bought books, absorbed facts, and pestered businessmen with questions.

One day in 1928, an executive of an auto-supply company bought two calculating machines from Sam and mentioned that his firm needed part-time workers to make a sales-analysis over the week end. At noon Saturday, Workman marched 20 operators and clerks into the company's offices.

Sam got half his crew from the office where he worked and the others from employment agencies. The emergency workers toiled 36 hours straight, while Sam dashed in and out with coffee and sandwiches, and used his self-training to check every sheet of figures.

The emergency crew finished at midnight Sunday. A vice-president of the company paid off Sam and said: "You have been a great help during this office overload period."

That term—"office overload"—

was new to Sam Workman, and he never forgot it. But the thing that impressed him most was that he had made \$146 on the job. That was big money for Sam, whose salary was \$25 a week for selling business machines. A few days later, he found space at \$15 a month in a downtown office building, and Workman Service was in business.

His capital was exactly \$107. With that he made down payments on chairs and desks, installed a phone, and had stationery printed. From the classified directory, Sam copied the names of 500 business concerns and sent each a letter.

"Is your office staff overloaded at times?" he asked of prospective clients. "Do you need extra help for sales, year-end inventories, rush orders, special campaigns?

"Workman Service can solve your problems, save you money and do the job better. Our specialties are calculating and typing."

There was one small matter Sam overlooked. When he had the 500 letters typed and addressed—he sat up three nights to do the job—his \$107 was gone. But he still needed \$10 for stamps.

Always resourceful, Workman threw away the letters and sent 50 telegrams instead, charging them to his phone bill, which wasn't due for a month. He got two orders, one for \$16 worth of typing and another for a \$349 calculating job. An employment agency sent him three girls to handle the work, on a 50-cents-an-hour basis.

With that first bloom of success, Sam pyramided himself with more typewriters and calculators. He used every spare dime for advertising; made sales talks in every office;



learned about luncheon and dinner meetings of businessmen. Invited or not, Sam would be there, ready to discuss his favorite subject: Workman and his overload cure-all.

Within a year, Sam had a pay roll of 100 persons, and he could get hundreds more by phoning employment agencies. Insurance companies, banks, department stores, realtors, manufacturers, promoters, advertising agencies, loan companies, even a mink farm became his customers.

Today, a number of big firms in Chicago—Montgomery Ward, Marshall Field, F. W. Woolworth, Stewart-Warner—operate the year 'round with detachments of Workman's people, who circulate from department to department, helping out where needed most. Then, if a big clerical job comes up for the entire concern, Sam sends in "shock troops" by the scores.

For years, Sam maintained "flying squadrons" of workers, ready to leave on short notice for any city where a Workman client might need help. But he dropped this plan during the war years, when travel was difficult. Now Sam persuades the client to bundle up his books and records, and ship the entire problem to Chicago.

Workman likes to have it understood that all his clients aren't million-dollar corporations. He has hundreds of little ones, almost tiny, which pay him as little as \$25 a month to mail sales letters or

straighten out books and records. But he likes to handle their work because many of them grow up to be big clients and pay more.

Last year, Workman received a Certificate of Merit from the New York Museum of Science and Industry for his work in 1947. His was the first service organization to receive this award, bestowed for outstanding achievement in various fields of science and industry.

To explain his success, Sam puts on a modest expression and gives all credit to his employees. But if pressed, he admits that his careful selection of them was a big factor.

When few business concerns wanted to hire married women, Workman Service was advertising for them. He built up a list of 700, including schoolteachers, who could punch adding machines, type, do clerical work or figure pay rolls, and were willing to work part time.

Sam keeps his workers happy. He gives them interludes of music over an amplifying system on the two floors he occupies in the Garland Building in downtown Chicago. He provides rest and recreation rooms, circulating libraries, and free coffee during rest periods.

Sam states, with no modesty, that he's the biggest thing in the

office-overloads business. And he is determined that no competitor shall catch up with him.

In June, 1946, he went to lunch one day and stayed three hours. He got talking with a young fellow just discharged from the Army, and was impressed by him. That night the ex-GI was on his way to Minneapolis with \$100 expense money to look over possibilities of opening a branch of Workman Service.

Soon the veteran reported that there seemed to be a wide-open field. Sam put up capital, bought or rented business machines, and loaned him three key persons to run the office. In 1947, the veteran made \$12,000 net, of which Sam took a modest share.

Workman opened a Los Angeles branch much the same way. Only in that case he made arrangements by phone after a keyman in his organization had recommended a young Navy veteran. It was eight months before Sam even saw the Los Angeles representative. But today, the California veteran is showing a fine profit, too.

Now, with two other branch offices—in New York and Seattle—Sam is happy that the Workman expansion program is paying off, both for himself and for others.

Locked Out


THE LEGEND IS TOLD that in the days of ancient Rome an officer called away to the wars locked his beautiful young wife in armor and gave the key to his best friend, with the admonition, "If I don't return in six months, use this key. To you, my dear friend, I en-

trust it." The husband then galloped off to the wars.

Ten miles away from home, he saw a cloud of dust approaching, and waited.

His friend, on horseback, galloped up, saying, "You gave me the wrong key." —LEO GUILD

Secret Heroine of the Civil War

by HARRY E. NEAL

Here is the little-known story of Anna Ella Carroll, whose amazing strategy in a time of crisis helped save the Union

A PUFF AT THE QUIET dust of American history has uncovered the amazing story of a girl who grew up to play a major role in winning the Civil War.

Her name, by order of Abraham Lincoln himself, was one of the top secrets of the War Between the States. It has been smothered and forgotten for almost a century. Yet, today, Anna Ella Carroll unquestionably belongs among The Great in the annals of American history.

She was born in 1815 at Kingston Hall, ancestral home of her father, Thomas King Carroll, in Somerset County, Maryland. It was a lovely old plantation with stately trees and flower-edged walks and toiling slaves who tilled the fields. Her father for a time was Governor of Maryland, and from his library



she read the classics and the law books of Blackstone and Coke. She also read everything she could find about the wars of history and the tactics of their leaders, winners and losers alike.

In 1860, Anna Carroll campaigned for the election of Governor Hicks of Maryland and became his staunch friend. When the Civil War broke out a year later, Virginia seceded from the Union and Maryland stood wavering in doubt. Anna wrote a series of stirring newspaper articles telling why Maryland must not secede. Finally she went to the Governor.

"You must hold to the Union," she said. "If Maryland secedes, Washington will be hemmed in and lost. There will be no line of communication to North or West."

Governor Hicks was patriotic but he was also a politician. He knew that many Maryland landowners had slaves and wanted to keep them. He pointed out that Anna herself owned several slaves.

"I shall free them," she said. "Every slave on my plantation will have his liberty!"

Ultimately, Governor Hicks decided to hold to the Union, while Anna Carroll, keeping her promise, went to Kingston Hall and freed her slaves. The horses were turned over to the Union Army; the barns were deserted, the grounds invaded by weeds. Then Anna moved to Washington where she could keep her frail finger on the nation's thumping pulse.

When John C. Breckenridge, a leading Secessionist, attacked President Lincoln in a public talk, Anna countered with a pamphlet showing that certain Southern leaders had

long planned for war. She marshaled evidence to prove that the Secession movement had begun ten years before. When her document reached Lincoln, he urged her to write more pamphlets upholding the Union.

Anna lost no time. She wrote one paper on the war powers of the government, another on the powers of the President to suspend certain legal processes, and published them at her own expense. Then she decided to go to St. Louis to gather war information firsthand. While there, she planned to consider the possibility of a gunboat fleet invading the Confederacy by sailing down the Mississippi.

Anna knew the desperate plight of the Union. It had met defeat nearly everywhere. The people were despondent, and some were saying that the Union was already lost. England and France were on the verge of recognizing the Confederacy. A Mississippi invasion could mean success. But if it failed, the failure would be fatal.

IN ST. LOUIS, ANNA visited army camps and hospitals, talked with wounded and dying men. She gathered bits of information and soon began to fit them together like a jigsaw puzzle.

"That there Mississip' is plumb bristlin' with Rebel cannon," one soldier told her. "We're sure glad we ain't goin' down that watery road. We'd never come back!"

Suddenly Anna had an inspiration. She had been talking to soldiers about the river. Wouldn't it be more sensible to talk to sailors?

Quickly she arranged for an introduction to a river pilot named



Scott, who was staying at her St. Louis hotel. Posing as a newspaper reporter, she was careful to be casual about the Mississippi venture, but Scotty confirmed what she already believed.

"If any boat started down-river, she'd be blown to Kingdom Come," he told her. "But don't you worry, ma'am—I don't think our generals are fools enough to try a trick like that, any more than they'd think of going down the Tennessee."

As Anna Carroll wrote the word "Tennessee" in her notebook, her pencil dug into the paper, and she struggled to conceal her excitement. Later she said: "As he mentioned the Tennessee, it flashed upon me that I had seen the way to salvation of my country!"

Anna went to an old friend, Judge Evans of Texas, and told him of her plan. "The Southern strength lies from Charleston to Memphis," she explained. "The only major line of supply between the Confederates in the Mississippi Valley and those in the East is the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. By going down the Tennessee, we could cut the railroad and destroy their supply lines."

Judge Evans knew the South inside out, and Anna waited tensely for his reaction. He began to nod slowly. "I believe you've hit it," he said. "But the Confederates might offer pretty strong resistance."

Anna smiled. "I've been getting more information than you know," she said. "The Confederates haven't

fortified the Tennessee or the Cumberland either. When the water's right, our gunboats could get as far as Nashville on the Cumberland. On the Tennessee, they could sail as far as Muscle Shoals in Alabama!"

"If I were you," suggested Judge Evans, "I'd rush that plan to the War Department."

"Will you draw a map for me?" she asked. "Then I'll write my plan of campaign and attach it."

The Judge drew the map and Anna wrote her plan. On November 30, 1861, she took the papers to Thomas A. Scott, Assistant Secretary of War, who hastened with them to Lincoln. The President summoned Benjamin F. Wade, chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and together they discussed Anna's suggestion.

"I feel that this is indeed our move," Lincoln said. "But I hesitate to make it."

"Why, Mr. President?"

"Because we would be severely criticized for embarking upon such an expedition conceived by a civilian—and a woman, at that!"

"That's no problem!" Wade exclaimed. "We will swear Miss Carroll to secrecy. We will keep authorship of the plan a secret as long as the war lasts!"

Anna Carroll agreed, and thus a great decision was made. Lincoln changed the plan of campaign to the Tennessee, and Scott was sent to assemble troops in the West. Soon the battles began. The Con-

federates were taken by surprise. Fort Henry fell to the Union onslaught, then Fort Donelson.

With the Rebel armies cut off from their supply, the Confederacy was divided. Missouri remained in the Union; Tennessee was taken back into the fold. When the Federal Army pushed through the heart of the Confederacy along the Mississippi to the Gulf, ultimate victory was no longer in doubt.

Lincoln issued a thanksgiving proclamation and there was much rejoicing in Washington. But there was also a great deal of guessing as to who had conceived the Tennessee Campaign. Rumors finally led to debates in the House of Representatives on February 24, 1862, and in the Senate on March 13th.

While Congressmen and Senators argued, Anna Carroll sat listening in the galleries. It never occurred to the lawmakers that the unknown hero was actually a heroine—a woman sworn to secrecy.

Some observers insisted that Lincoln conceived the plan. Others said it was the work of the Secretary of War. Even historians differed. Dr. Draper, in his *History of the American Civil War*, named General Halleck as the hero. Boynton's *History of the Navy During the Rebellion* gave Commodore Foote the credit, while Abbott's *Civil War in America* claims General Fremont as the originator.

Anna kept the secret locked in her heart, as she had promised. She was satisfied, for the day would come when the war would end and Lincoln could tell the whole story. But when the war ended, the President went to Ford's Theater, where he was assassinated by John Wilkes

Booth, and the lips that might have told the world about Anna Carroll's deeds were forever stilled.

Anna now turned to writing about postwar topics; but people were no longer interested. Living costs were high, and she had used most of her money to print her pamphlets in behalf of the Union. Judge Evans and others told her, "Why not submit a bill to the government for your writings? They asked you to do it, didn't they?"

So Anna Carroll submitted a bill to Congress for \$6,250, mostly covering the costs of paper and printing, and traveling expenses. Assistant Secretary of War Scott recommended that it be paid, but after some dickering the bill was ignored.

Pressed for money and urged on by her friends, Anna finally decided to reveal herself as the author of the Tennessee plan. In 1871, she made her startling announcement and submitted a claim for services rendered. But a skeptical Congress appointed a military commission of inquiry, and thus began a run-around that was to continue for many years.

Scott, Evans and Wade testified for her. Evans told how Anna had first submitted the plan to him and how he had sent her to the War Department. Scott revealed that he had taken the plan to the President, and Wade explained why it had been kept secret. But despite their testimony, the claim was ignored in 1871. Then, in 1879, it was examined once more by a Congressional military committee, which submitted a report phrased in 19th-century gobbledegook. At one point, it said:

"The transfer of the national

armies from the banks of the Ohio up the Tennessee River to the decisive position in Mississippi was the greatest military event known to modern ages, and will ever rank among the very few strategic movements in the world's history that have decided the fate of empires and peoples . . . No true history can be written that does not assign to the memorialist (Miss Carroll) the credit of the conception."

In other words, said Congress, Anna Carroll should be credited with conceiving the plan, but should receive no recognition or reward for her contribution to the Union.

Anna's friends would not let her quit. In 1881, the House Committee on Military Affairs heard lengthy testimony on her behalf and agreed

that "the evidence completely establishes that Miss Anna Ella Carroll was the author of this plan." But the report died, like the others before it.

Anna Carroll was now seriously ill with paralysis, yet she was not forgotten entirely. Each year, her friends in women's organizations sent petitions to Congress. The petitions were sent in vain, however; and Anna Carroll, who did so much to save her country, died virtually penniless in Washington on February 19, 1894.

Truly, she was the secret heroine of the Civil War. But like other saviors of her country, she was to die unknown and unsung by the millions of Americans who owed so much to her courageous efforts.

Spring Story



IT WAS DOWN SOUTH, and the old man sat on an old wooden bench under an apple tree in full bloom. His white curly hair blew gently in the early spring breeze, and his white beard reached almost to his waist.

Leaning up against the opposite side of the tree was a beautiful four-poster bed. I stopped my car and walked up the lane to where the old man sat.

"Hello!" I said. "I noticed this old bed from the road. Would you like to sell it?"

"I don't believe I would," he said slowly. "I was born in that bed, and my father before me. Since it doesn't eat anything, I can afford to keep it around." Then, as an afterthought: "How much

would you give me for it?"

"Fifty dollars," I answered promptly. The bed had suddenly become very valuable to me. I had to have it!

"Well, I could use the money, and the weather isn't doing the bed any good out here. I guess you can have it."

I paid the \$50 and tied the bed on the side of my car. I left quickly before he could change his mind.

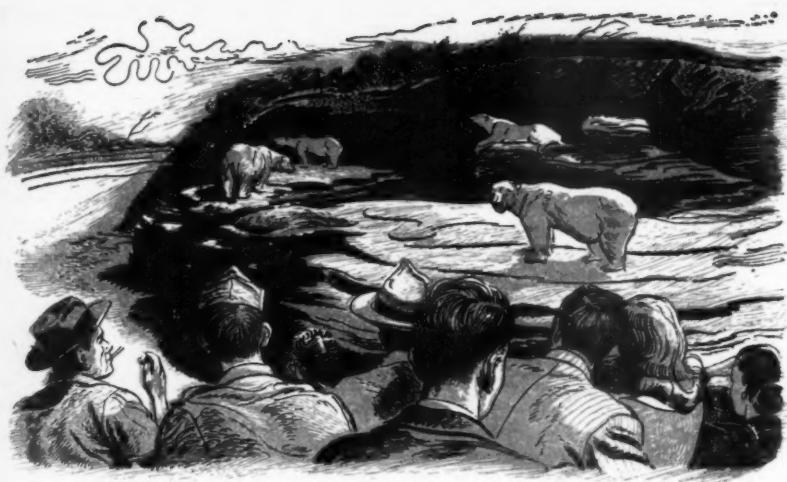
Again, within the hour, I had occasion to drive by the old man's house. He was still sitting on the old wooden bench under the apple tree. His white curly hair was blowing gently in the spring breeze and his long white beard reached almost to his waist.

Leaning up against the opposite side of the tree was a beautiful four-poster bed. —BETTY JUNE CARR

APPETITES ANONYMOUS

All of us have our own peculiar tastes when it comes to food. But these characters of fiction had strange appetites indeed. See if you can match their names with the delicacies they ate to become famous. The answers appear on page 157.





ST. LOUIS LOVES ITS GLAMOUR ZOO

by HARRY B. WILSON

With showmanship and original ideas, an ordinary menagerie has been turned into something resembling a three-ring circus

THE LION DOZED contentedly in the morning sun. Outside his cage at the St. Louis Zoo, a man shouted and waved his arms. He wanted to see the lion in action.

Finally he flipped a lighted cigarette through the bars. That produced the desired result. It started a fire in the lion's oily mane, and the beast sprang to his feet, snarling and shaking his massive head.

An alert keeper grabbed a hose and put out the fire before the lion was more than singed. The ciga-

rette thrower was hauled off to jail. There was no excuse for his cruelty, but the boredom that prompted it is an emotion zoo visitors everywhere have experienced at times.

The plain fact is that a sleeping or sitting animal is not much fun to watch; and the men who run the St. Louis Zoo would be the first to admit it. But they were particularly indignant that the incident should have happened there. For the St. Louis Zoo has gone out of its way to avoid being simply a place where the people stare at captive wildlife and the wildlife, if awake, stares back.

The lions, for example, have a right to doze sometimes. Twice each day except on Monday, and three times on Sundays, 13 of them pad into an arena with two tigers and two European brown bears for a half-hour show that curls the spectators' hair.

Five of the zoo's elephants devote the same amount of time to base-

ball, bowling, dancing and lumbering through other acts. A troupe of brainy chimpanzees puts on a show that has to be seen to be believed.

The performing animal is the trade-mark of a zoo where all this and a lot more happens every day. It is a sometimes zany but always amusing institution, dedicated to the proposition that zoo crowds, like other crowds, want to be entertained.

It is a place where the iron-barred cage is on the way out, where birds, snakes and animals live in natural settings that have been imitated by architects everywhere. And it is a zoo where the animal with a personality is king. The most impressive result of this new zoo philosophy is that more than 2,500,000 people—about three times the population of St. Louis—visit the grounds every year.

Despite its size, the zoo is in many respects a one-man show. That man is its director, George Phillip Vierheller, a short, bouncy, 65-year-old with white hair and a ruddy complexion, who has made his enterprise the uninhibited menagerie that it is today.

When Vierheller took over in the early '20s, the zoo was strictly a minor-league operation. A second-rate group of animals—which included 20 rabbits—occupied some drab buildings. A few years before, however, a generous slice of the city's tax revenues had been set aside for the zoo, and this gave Vierheller money to work with.

In those days, zoo occupants crouched in dim and sometimes dirty cages: people had to strain their eyes to see what was behind the bars. Vierheller got together

with John E. Wallace, the zoo's architect, "to build something that will make the people say 'Ah' instead of holding their noses."

In their new birdhouse, they made the cage fronts of plate glass, not wire netting, so people can see exactly what the birds look like. That sounds obvious, but it had never been done before.

Vierheller and Wallace put a tropical swamp, complete with native trees and shrubbery, inside this building. It was enclosed only with a low railing to keep spectators out. The rare birds turned loose in the swamp surprised ornithological experts by staying put.

Another landmark in zoo architecture is a building with plate-glass walls which is home for the country's largest collection of anthropoid apes. Their cages are almost as big as basketball courts.

Long-horned antelope, rhinos, elephants, camels, zebras, a giraffe and other animals have room to run in large yards, which lie between a man-made hillside and scarcely visible moats. Wild sheep and ibex climb happily on a miniature mountain. Hidden beneath the boulders are indoor quarters they use in bad weather.

The bears, giant panda, and a lot of smaller captives live in pits that look as though they were blasted from limestone. Actually, the limestone, like the granite, is artificial. The big cats are still in cages, but the zoo has money to put up a set of barless homes for them.

The moats contain the permanent residents quite efficiently, but they don't always keep the public out. A young man, trying to impress his girl, once jumped into the

llama area. The boss llama is an ill-tempered beast. Fortunately his visitor got to a tree before the llama, blood in his eye, got to him.

Vierheller supervised the rescue, then had the young man arrested for disturbing the llama's peace.

THE WAY THE ST. LOUIS ZOO displays its wildlife collection only partly explains the crowd appeal. Also responsible for the lively interest is something less tangible.

People want more than just animals in a zoo—they want personalities. Vierheller, a latter-day Barnum, has glamorized some of the least glamorous animals that ever came out of the jungle.

His master work in this field is with a 3½-ton rhinoceros named Harry. This peanut-brained monster has only one thing to offer spectators—his size. But Vierheller gave Harry a build-up worthy of his weight. When the zoo bought him from Frank Buck for \$8,800, a bargain price, Vierheller announced that St. Louis now had "the rarest animal in the world"—the only male Indian rhino in captivity.

Newspapers rushed correspondents to New York to meet Harry's ship. The Pennsylvania Railroad gave Harry a special baggage car on a fast train to St. Louis. When he reached the zoo, 25,000 persons were lined up to see him. And the public has stayed wild about Harry.

On another occasion, one of the zoo parrots developed a water-front vocabulary that blistered the paint on his cage. The zoo gleefully disclosed that it had been asked to get rid of the hard-swinging bird. After that, people knocked each other

down trying to get within hearing distance of the parrot.

Children get a king-sized thrill from playing with lion and leopard cubs turned loose on a lawn. A python became popular by refusing to eat. Zoos used to force-feed these obdurate snakes in private. Then the St. Louis Zoo began to advertise each feeding in advance. Fascinated crowds gathered to watch as meat was stuffed down the gullet of a 21-foot snake.

An orangutan costs about \$2,500. But Jerry, one of five at St. Louis, is priceless. He loves a good cigar, and the public loves to see him smoke.

Leaning against a tree, inhaling deeply, Jerry looks like a complacent man wearing a red fur coat.

No single occupant of the zoo, however, can match the popularity of the daily animal shows. The fearless man who gets into a barred arena with the lions, tigers and European brown bears is Jules Jacot, a quiet but nimble trainer. Rowdy spectators are not ejected even when they try to provoke mayhem by shouting at his dangerous playmates. Jacot has prudently taught the animals to respond only to high-pitched whistles and Spanish words that cannot be imitated.

Floyd B. Smith started at the St. Louis zoo as a soda jerker and worked his way up to become master of ceremonies for five elephants. Some years ago, he taught a young elephant how to kick a football and to play at manicuring her toenails. Vierheller, impressed, bought him four more pachyderms.

Smith, who can trumpet almost as loud as his trainees, has kept



busy ever since. In addition to the baseball game and other special acts, he has taught the five the balancing tricks, pyramids and formation work seen at circuses.

The zoo's pride and joy is a chimpanzee show, one of the world's outstanding animal performances. Dealers send only their brightest young chimps to St. Louis. Even so, only about one in four qualifies for the show. They ride bicycles, walk on stilts and play trombones, drums, piano, xylophone and tomtoms to produce what the zoo calls "the only true African jazz." Their costumed acrobatics on the backs of six galloping Shetland ponies would make a cowboy jealous.

One of the fastest maneuvers in animal-trading history brought four gorillas to St. Louis. Late one night, Phil Carroll, the collector, arrived by ship in New York with eight gorillas. Looking for someone with whom to celebrate, Carroll thought

of Vierheller, who is willing to talk shop at any hour. Carroll phoned the hotel where Vierheller stays when in New York. Before dawn and before other zoos knew there were eight gorillas for sale, St. Louis owned four of them, two of which have since died. It was one of the biggest deals in gorillas ever made.

Right now, the animal the St. Louis Zoo most covets is an okapi or, better still, two okapis. This resident of the Belgian Congo looks like a giraffe-zebra combination. There already is one in the U. S., but St. Louis derives no consolation from that, because it's at the Bronx Zoo.

Vierheller is now negotiating with the Belgian Government and dreaming of the crowds a properly glamorized okapi will attract. Translating those crowds into extra sales of soda pop, ice cream and hot dogs, he is sure the okapi (or okapis) will pay for itself in a few weeks.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Do You Know These Animals?

(Quiz on page 143)

1. crane; 2. horse; 3. crow; 4. caterpillar; 5. fly; 6. boa; 7. pig; 8. pony; 9. pike; 10. beaver; 11. rattlesnake; 12. sole; 13. worm; 14. bat; 15. mouse; 16. seal; 17. buck; 18. perch; 19. cat; 20. cock.

Appetites Anonymous

(Quiz on page 153)

1. n; 2. f; 3. g; 4. m; 5. h; 6. d; 7. l; 8. a; 9. c; 10. e; 11. b; 12. j; 13. i; 14. k; 15. o.

The Zipper:

A STORY OF SUCCESS

by BERTRAM VOGEL

The "simple" slide fastener is really a highly complex gadget that was perfected only after many years of stubborn effort

IF YOU WERE TO ASK the average person to name the most complex invention of the age, the odds are high that he would cast his vote for something like the telephone, the radio or the airplane. In any event, it is certain he would not choose the zipper.

And yet, by comparison with the unheralded little zipper, almost every modern invention is virtually a plaything—a mere development of scientific principles which were known to thousands of men. In support of that astonishing statement, a prominent speaker remarked at New York University that he had often thought "how infinitesimally small would have been the chance of any man or group of men, except the one who actually had the idea, planning to invent the common zipper."

Actually, the little slide fastener which can be bought at any five-and-ten store and which has practically revolutionized the clothing industry, is no simple gadget. It is

so complex that for almost half a century it baffled some of the best engineering minds in the country.

Today, there's a slide fastener in almost every pair of trousers and in almost every dress. But ten years ago there were thousands of manufacturers who looked upon the device with open skepticism. In fact, only a generation ago, the few people who bought the zipper did so chiefly because they thought it was a cute novelty.

Talon, Inc., the firm which developed the slide fastener, now produces—with a machine that looks as if it should be making two-ton trucks—more than 1,000,000 zippers a day, and orders from all over the world keep pouring in faster than they can possibly be filled. But not too long ago, it took an experienced man an entire day to make a single slide fastener.

The ancient Egyptians couldn't devise a fancier fastener than a pin, while the Greeks tinkered with a crude hook-and-eye device. Nobody, however, had the vaguest idea of how to make the zipper zip until 1891, when the idea of the slide fastener was born.

An inventor named Whitcomb L. Judson, who had become tired

of lacing his shoes and had listened sympathetically to complaints of friends who had to tug at the strings of their wives' corsets, conceived a clever arrangement of hooks and eyes and a slide clasp for automatically closing and unlocking them. A versatile man who later developed transmissions and clutches for cars, Judson patented his device. Then, with the only clasp locker in existence in his pocket, he headed for Chicago and put the device on display at the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

There, Col. Lewis Walker, a young corporation lawyer from Meadville, Pennsylvania, was immediately fascinated. Convinced that there was a fortune to be made from the device, Walker set up the Universal Fastener Company and hired Judson to perfect the invention. But it soon became apparent that, because of mechanical intricacies, Judson's device was impractical for mass manufacture. Unruffled, Walker invested more money, and Judson went back to his workshop.

For two years, day and night, Judson planned and hammered his little metal pieces. Finally he had it: a pair of chains which could be laced into shoes like ordinary laces and locked by a slider. In high spirits, the Colonel and Judson made samples by hand, then discovered it was impossible to construct a machine to do the work.

THE NEXT TEN YEARS were a series of jumps as the two men moved the unsuccessful company from Chicago to Ohio, to Pennsylvania, and to Hoboken, New Jersey. Finally, in 1904, Walker's engineers

bounded into his office and proclaimed they had constructed a workable machine. Racing back to the shop, they pulled a lever, held hands over their ears while the machine ground out the metal, and then proudly removed a gleaming slide fastener.

Overjoyed, the Colonel had the plant whistles blown and ordered kegs of beer for a celebration. Then he decided to pull the lever and manufacture just one more fastener. But although the lever worked, the machine didn't.

By now, even Judson was willing to call quits, so he took a job with another company. But the Colonel refused to admit defeat. If his "C-Curity" fastener designed for trousers and skirts happened to pop open at inopportune times, it was because it wasn't good enough. Walker decided that the firm—then the Automatic Hook and Eye Company—needed somebody who would make it good enough.

Having heard that Westinghouse had recently hired a brilliant young Swedish engineer named Gideon Sundback, Colonel Walker offered him a job.

The reply was prompt. "I make dynamos," Sundback wrote in disgust. "Who wants to fool with anything as silly as hooks and eyes?"

But six months later, on a trip to New York, Sundback happened to see a C-Curity fastener. From that moment onward, he was through with dynamos. Soon he was in Hoboken, hard at work on Walker's problem.

Within a year he had not only invented a better slide fastener than any the Colonel had ever seen, but he had also designed a machine to

produce it. Good as it was, however, the fastener still didn't slide and lock with predictable consistency—and the company's last \$75,000 was gone. Soon the workers and salesmen, sensing that the end was at hand, walked out.

At this critical moment, the agent of a firm which had a claim against Automatic Hook and Eye stopped by to chat. Shocked by the idea that the company faced bankruptcy, he belittled the fact that there was nobody left in the plant. "Now that you have got rid of the parasites," he told Walker and Sundback, "use your brains."

"All right," challenged Sundback. "I'll stick it out if you'll stake me to \$400 worth of wire." Cornered, the agent agreed.

Sundback, working by himself in the Hoboken plant, began to design a new and foolproof zipper. For four years he remained alone on the job while the Colonel, once again practicing law in Meadville, scraped up funds to keep the company going and to support his family. Once during these lean years, he settled a \$150 grocery bill with shares of stock—stock which was worthless paper then but which later made the grocer a fortune.

Finally, by 1912, Sundback had designed a fastener in which a pair of fabric tapes were held together by a series of spring clips, which could be wedged apart and then closed by a slider. The Colonel, enthusiastic over the new device, which he and Sundback named Hookless Number 1, sold the Hoboken plant, badgered friends for additional money and set up a new factory in Meadville.

When Hookless Number 1 wore

out too rapidly, Sundback went back to work to remedy the defect. His Hookless Number 2 was successful, and when he designed the precision machinery to manufacture it, the Colonel called in his two sons to sell it.

But it was no easy task to convince people that the new fastener was any better than the old one. For four more years the company continued to lose money. Then, in 1917, the Colonel and Sundback got their first big break when a Brooklyn tailor successfully applied the slide fastener to money belts and sold them in quantities to sailors from the near-by Navy Yard.

The Navy, quick to learn from its young seamen, was soon applying the slide fastener to a flying suit which it hoped to make wind proof. Yet in 1920 the firm still employed only 27 men.

By now, however, the American public had at least become aware that the new slide fasteners actually slid and fastened, and in 1921 Frederick H. Martin, a footwear designer for B. F. Goodrich Company, was convinced that overshoes equipped with slide fasteners would create a sensation. A contract was drawn with Walker, and in 1923 Bertram G. Work, president of Goodrich, hit upon the unique word "zipper" as the trade-mark for the new galoshes. The public response was terrific.

ALTHOUGH IN ONE YEAR Walker's company sold more fasteners and made more money than it had in the previous 30, Colonel Walker was still dissatisfied. For there still remained the tremendous task of convincing garment makers that

the fastener would do anything buttons and laces could do—and do it better.

During the '20s and early '30s, the Colonel, then past 70, tried to win over the dress manufacturers. But it was not until the Depression reached its depth that one manufacturer, seeking a novelty as a sales booster, decided to try the fastener. Within a month the Colonel's long struggle was over, and soon France's celebrated Madame Schiaparelli was exporting gowns in which the slide fastener was made to spiral down the front, from neckline to hem.

The use of fasteners in trousers also got its start as a fad during the Depression. Near bankruptcy, a hard-pressed tailor let Sundback talk him into putting slide fasteners on trousers for the "college-boy" market. Soon he was too stunned to do anything more than count his soaring profits.

Today, the Talon slide fastener is almost a national institution. During World War II, the Army and Navy put fasteners on everything from field jackets and jungle hammocks to sleeping bags and plane flaps. And to the fighting men who had to get covers off naval guns in a split second, the incredibly fast action of special zipper devices was literally a lifesaver.

Since types of fasteners vary widely, Talon employs trained consultants to consider problems peculiar to each individual customer. For example, a fastener for a bathing suit may be quite different from one to be worn on a silk dress. In a bathing suit, where body motion and pressure are likely to create great strain, Talon recommends



a fastener with an automatic locking device.

One of Talon's neatest tricks is a special curved fastener for the inspection flaps of planes, thus making it possible for an inspector to check vital points with a minimum of effort and delay. In another instance, where sections of a huge ballroom rug in a New York hotel had to be torn apart and then stitched together by hand after every dance, Talon made special fasteners—the longest in the world—to make the rug "demountable."

The newest Talon product, a refinement of an item developed during the war for the Army and Navy, is an ingenious "separating" fastener. Looking like the usual fastener, it can, by a simple upward tug on the pull-tab, be released instantly, thus completely "separating" whatever had been zippered. It is now being applied widely to jackets and coats.

Although Talon itself devotes considerable thought to possible new uses for its fasteners, suggestions from outsiders come in annually by the hundreds. Some of the suggestions are fairly sound, but most of them are too impractical for ordinary use. A few—like the pleas to put slide fasteners on whisky bottles and canned goods—are merely good for a laugh.

In spite of occasional requests

from millionaires determined to outdo one another sartorially, Talon has persistently refused to manufacture an individual fastener made of diamonds or other precious gems. At least one rich dowager got around that, however, by having her dress designer create an evening gown on which a row of diamonds was set along the entire length of the slide fastener.

The name Talon came into being in 1928, after years of search by Walker for a distinctive and appropriate name. Judson's original patent expired a long time ago, but Talon, Inc., which is now directed by Lewis Walker, Jr., the late Colonel's grandson, still controls many later patents. Although it has licensed other manufacturers to produce slide fasteners, the home company, turning out some 400,000,000 zippers a year, still produces more

than all its competitors combined.

Talon's present output of more than 1,000,000 fasteners a day is almost incredible in the light of older statistics. In 1920, the company sold 110,000 fasteners for \$26,000. By the end of 1923, the year the "Zipper Boot" was put on the market, sales had increased to only 650,000 a year. But in 1948, Talon had net current assets of \$14,113,908—and an income of \$30,679,622 for the year!

Dr. Sundback, still more at home in his shop than behind an executive's desk, continues to tinker with the already-foolproof fastener. That he is on the trail of something new and big, he admits. But as to precisely what he is after, he keeps as quiet as a Hollywood detective.

"If I can't keep my mouth tightly zippered, who can?" he asks with a straight face.

INSPIRATION ON THE WALL

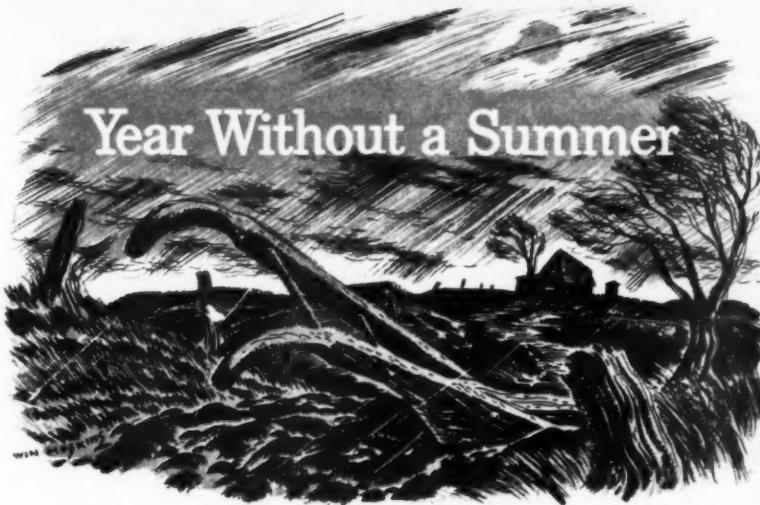
FROM AMONG THE many inspiring and well-remembered mottoes which have appeared within the covers of *CORONET*, the editors have selected five of the best-known. These five mottoes, beautifully illustrated in gorgeous colors by Arthur Szyk, famous master of the medieval art of illumination, have been matted and made suitable for framing.

Framed and hung on your wall, these mottoes help make a house a home. Or, by sending them as greeting cards, you'll be conveying

your message of cheer in a unique and inspiring way.

The five matted, Szyk-illustrated mottoes are contained in a colored folder, reminiscent of your grandmother's needle-point samplers. You may order as many of them as you wish by sending 50 cents in check or money order for each folder to *CORONET* Readers' Service, *CORONET* Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Readers who have purchased these sets before should note that these are the same sets as advertised in previous issues.

Year Without a Summer



Here is the strange story of a cataclysm that reversed the seasons in America

by MARY EVANS ANDREWS

IF IT IS TRUE that the world is seemingly headed for a half-century of progressively colder weather, it may mean a return of the cold winters of grandpa's boyhood. But no such cycle accounted for, or could take us back to, the kind of year which the world experienced in 1816.

All across the northern U. S. that spring 133 years ago, the frozen fields remained unplanted or young crops were killed by unnatural cold. After late plantings or replantings, farmers continued to be plagued by freakish weather.

Drouth and frost struck in one section; flash-floods and hail in another. Temperatures fluctuated wildly, one drop of 40 degrees overnight being reported.

Then the sunspots began to ap-

pear, and by May they had stretched across an eighth of the sun's diameter. People squinted up at them through bits of smoked glass and talked excitedly of "signs" and "portents" in the heavens.

On June 6, a 12-inch snowstorm swirled down on Quebec. Trees shed their half-grown leaves and swallows froze in their nests. The same storm swept on into Maine, destroying young corn and killing shorn sheep. In Vermont there was a foot and a half of snow. Boston reported eight nights of killing frost. Elsewhere in New England, violent hailstorms stripped blossoming fruit trees and beat early June peas into the mud.

In July and August, snow flurries kept late corn from maturing. Fodder refused to "make" and hay was ruined. Feed for starving cattle had to be shipped from the Southern

states. A few panicky people sold their farms in haste and moved to the Midwest.

The scholarly *North American Review* saw fit to print a reassuring article about the sunspots, saying there was "no occasion for surprise, and still less for alarm." But no adequate explanation for the weather was offered. In a later issue, the publication reported "less intensity of light as well as heat" in the sun's rays, and speculated about what would happen "if the sun should become tired of illuminating this gloomy little planet."

But no mention was made of the event which actually caused the phenomenal cold—an event which had occurred more than 10,000 miles from New England. The weather of 1816 was the direct but delayed result of a volcanic eruption, which occurred in 1815 on the opposite side of the globe and took a toll of 56,000 human lives.

In April, Mt. Tamboro, a 13,000-foot volcano on the obscure island of Sumbawa, near Bali in the Netherlands Indies, had been literally disemboweled by one of the most frightful eruptions in history. For five days and nights the great peak was a blazing funnel, belching

flame and ashes that dimmed the sun in Java, 300 miles away.

Molten lava, boiling over the rim of a crater seven miles wide, cascaded in streams down the mountainsides. Fiery fragments of stone fell like rain on surrounding villages, burning those which were not destroyed by lava. Whirlwind and tidal wave completed the destruction of near-by coastal towns.

Tamboro's peak was reduced 4,000 feet by the cataclysm. So much volcanic dust was rocketed into the sky that upper air currents carried it around the world. Only three times in history has a single eruption produced such a globe-encircling veil of dust—Asama, Japan, in 1783; Tamboro, in 1815; Krakatoa, Sunda Straits, in 1883. Following each eruption, the world experienced intense cold.

In Tamboro's titanic explosion, volcanic dust was blown into the stratosphere in such quantity that it dimmed the sun like a great cosmic umbrella. When spring should have come to the Northern Hemisphere, the sun's rays could not get through in their usual strength or quantity. Thus it was that 1816 went down in history as the year without a summer.



Spare the Rod —

THE PARENTS OF children who attend the Sunset School gathered one recent night in the home of Frederick McCrea to hear a talk by Dr. Laurence Levitin, specialist in child psychiatry.

After he finished, he called for questions and patiently handed out

advice on the problem of children who suck their thumbs, break their toys, steal, and misbehave in many other ways.

The pleasant evening broke up as a grim-faced father in a back seat arose and asked seriously: "Doctor, how do you feel about capital punishment?"

—HERB CAEN, SAN FRANCISCO Chronicle

by NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

ANYTHING GOES

BY EXPRESS



Whether it's snowballs or elephants, the "messengers of the people" don't bat an eyelash at the strange cargo they carry

CARRYING A CRUTCH, a man walked briskly into the Railway Express office in Memphis, Tennessee. No, he didn't want to ship the crutch; he wanted to ship his leg. And with that, he proceeded to roll up his trousers and detach a wooden leg.

"This goes to Chicago," he announced, handing it across the counter. Then he added with a grin: "I'm hitchhiking—I'll have better luck this way."

Even without the explanation, the Express man would have betrayed no surprise at the unusual shipment. As an employee of that fabulous organization, the Railway Express Agency, he had long since

passed the point where anything could startle him.

Railway Express men are used to all kinds of items, ranging from Egyptian mummies to boa constrictors. They have seen shipments of diamonds worth millions, iron lungs being rushed to polio victims, Old Masters from art museums, gold bound for Fort Knox, pandas, bears, elephants and giraffes consigned to zoos. In fact, there's only one thing Railway Express refuses to carry—a live human being.

Even if by some remote chance you have never personally sent or received a package by express, the Agency still plays a part in your daily life. At least some of the food you eat, the clothes you wear, the medical supplies you buy at the drugstore, the motion pictures you see at your local theater, have been hustled to their destinations by this far-flung organization.

Each year, more than a quarter-billion packages travel over 196,000 miles of railroad, 85,000 miles of airways, 12,000 miles of water routes, and 29,000 miles of truck lines. Few communities are without at least one of Railway Express Agency's 70,000 employees, who together drive 18,000 trucks and man 23,000 offices, ranging from giant terminals in the big cities to tiny cubicles in remote hamlets.

Express has come a long way

since the day in 1839 when an advertisement appeared in the New York papers, announcing a new kind of transportation service. "I, W. F. Harnden," it read, "for the past five years conductor and passenger clerk for the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company, have made arrangements with the Providence Railroad to run a car through from Boston to New York, carrying packages of goods, bundles and so forth.

"I will accompany the car myself, for the purpose of purchasing goods, collecting drafts and transacting business, and will promptly attend to orders of all kinds."

Harnden's "car" was actually only a carpetbag which he carried as a passenger, but his optimism was justified. His company flourished, as did numerous rivals. Today they have been fused into one great organization, owned by all the railroads of the United States.

THANKS TO THE Railway Express Agency's willingness to carry anything, Americans have become the "shippingest" people on earth. Look, for instance, at the man who walked into the Express Office in Springfield, Illinois, with a small package consigned to Edgewater Park, Mississippi.

"What's in it?" the agent asked, in order to determine the rate.

"Snowballs," came the answer. His friend in the South had never seen snow, so he was sending him some, packed in dry ice.

The Agency's offer to haul anything sometimes strains its resources, but it hasn't been stumped yet. Take the request to transport a whole fleet for the U. S. Navy. It

happens that the 107 ships were miniature, but that doesn't mean that the task was easy.

The ships were a gift from the estate of Col. H. H. Rogers, who had spent a lifetime gathering the world's most complete collection of miniature sailing craft. When an Express man was called to consult on packing the fleet for its journey from Long Island to Annapolis, he got a preview of the job ahead.

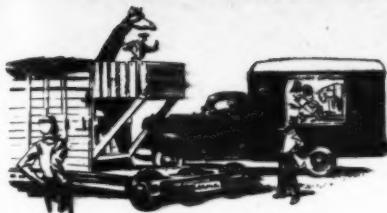
"Are they fragile?" he asked.

For answer, Fred Avery, the man in charge of rigging them, blew on a model of a 17th-century British ship of the line. No hurricane ever smashed a real ship with more fury. "That one had to be re-rigged anyway," Avery said, "but it will give you an idea of what might happen."

A crew of Express men advised how to pack the tiny craft safely, and on the day of shipment, the Agency alerted all railroads along the route. To guard against the remote chance of a train wreck, the shipment was divided between two heavy steel cars. To the amazement of Navy officials, the collection arrived at Annapolis without a single bit of rigging out of place.

Railway Express is always getting problems like that tossed into its lap. There was, for instance, the big headache of the birthday cakes. A manufacturer's association dreamed up the idea of sending out 24 giant pastries, each some eight feet in circumference. By the time they were crated, they weighed two tons; but Railway Express got them to their destinations without a rosebud out of place.

If you tell an Express man that you want to ship a camel, a hippopotamus or a pet goldfish, the



chances are he won't bat an eyelash. He is used to such requests.

Taking care of animals is usually routine, but often the Express man gets into a headline-making situation like the one which occurred not long ago at Big Spring, Texas. Three pumas, on their way to Los Angeles, chewed their way out of a wooden cage. Aided by local zoo keepers, the Express men managed to drive the pumas into an empty car, where they stayed for the remainder of the journey.

On the third day, they arrived in Los Angeles, angry and hungry. An animal trainer approached the snarling beasts and herded them into another—and stronger—cage.

Dogs, the most common animal shipment, manage to escape on occasion, too. One Scotty, bound for Florida from New York, gnawed through his crate four times. Then there was "Tiny," a German shepherd that weighed 175 pounds. He managed to chew through a crate with slats four inches wide and an inch and a half thick.

The Express man's responsibility for the more than 100,000 dogs that the Agency handles every year doesn't end when the crate is hustled aboard. He has the job of walking the dog—if the owner has requested this. It is up to the owner to indicate any pertinent facts, such as the important one that his pet may be vicious. In that case, the

crate is labeled and the dog is provided with a muzzle.

There's often a difference of opinion, however, as to what constitutes a vicious dog. There are a few cases on record of an Express messenger being pursued through a railroad station by a canine determined to get a chunk of the man he has been glaring at for the last few hundred miles.

In addition to shipping cargo, live or otherwise, Railway Express has a whole line of what it calls "personal services." Little known by the public, they are not emphasized by the Agency, since its main function is shipping. But it continues to offer them on the old theory that the Agency is a service organization and "the messenger of the people."

A woman in Leavenworth, Kansas, was having trouble collecting her alimony, which had to be obtained through a district court in another state. Could the Express people help her? The agent consulted a fat book of rules, said they certainly could. Thereafter the Agency took over the job of getting the alimony each week, forwarding her its own check.

A young man came into the San Francisco office and explained that, months before, he had pawned a diamond ring in New York. Now he wanted the ring in a hurry because he was planning to become engaged again. Railway Express solved that one simply. They rushed the pawn ticket to New York, where an Express messenger personally redeemed the ring and sent it out Air Express.

In Chicago, a legal document calling for the signatures of 16 people, all in different cities, was turned

over to the Agency. It worked out a route and sent a messenger in each of the cities to get a signature. In fact, Railway Express makes a business of collecting signatures on notes, mortgages, deeds and all sorts of legal papers. Once, they sent a messenger into the Catskills to get the signature of a hermit. Another time an Express messenger hunted out an aged prospector on the Mojave Desert.

Talk to an Express man, whatever his capacity, and you will find him ready to expound on the marvels of the super-delivery system of which he is a part. He is likely to go to considerable lengths to prove that he is a public servant.

When a shipment of baby chicks could not be delivered by car because of bad roads, a Railway Express agent in Wisconsin slogged through three miles of mud to get them to a farmer. A package of Mother's Day flowers shipped from California arrived at the airport in Hartford, Connecticut, destined for Stafford Springs. The train to that town had already departed, so the agent personally drove 30 miles to deliver the flowers.

The veteran Express man is not surprised even when he is asked to go out and make up the shipment himself. In Miami, a rare fish caught by a Northern traveler and

sent home by express failed to reach its destination. The customer, proud of his catch, refused to settle for cash; he wanted the fish, or one exactly like it. Unable to buy one of that variety, Railway Express sent out one of its best fishermen to catch a replica.

An Express man is expected to do his duty, even if it involves an assignment like the midwinter one handed the agent at Greenville Junction, Maine. A man had walked into the Express office in Charleston, South Carolina, and asked for a couple of live porcupines in a hurry. Could the company get the animals for him?

The agent contacted his counterpart in Maine, where he figured there should be a lot of the quilled creatures. A couple of days later, to the astonishment of the patron, two fat porcupines arrived. Along with them came a gentle suggestion, about as close as an Express man ever gets to complaining:

"Porcupines travel very little during the winter and a snowstorm here had covered what tracks there were. I went out all day Sunday, and was only able to get one and had to dig him out of his den. Today I got the other one. If you should have a call for more porcupines, I'd like to have a little more time to get them."

A Lot to Ask



WHEN TWO PEOPLE are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

AMERICA'S MOUTHPIECE IN ROME



A paper published in Italy by three ex-GIs is proving a potent force for democracy

by MICHAEL STERN

A LOT OF PEOPLE will tell you that newspaper publishing is a lost profession because only millionaires can afford to start and maintain a daily. It took a trio of GIs, short on cash but long on Yankee ingenuity, to revise the theory.

The enterprise started in the fall of 1943, when a pair of tired American soldiers flopped down at a table in an off-limits café in Naples. One took a folded copy of *Stars and Stripes* from his pocket. No sooner had he spread it on the table than a half-dozen excited Italians began begging for the paper.

After handing it to the civilians, the GI remarked to his friend: "What this country needs is an objective newspaper."

"I'd like to give it to them," replied the friend.

"So would I."

"Okay. Let's do it together."

Out of this random talk grew the largest independently owned, English-language newspaper in continental Europe. Today, some members of the U. S. Embassy in Rome feel that it is a more potent force for democracy in Italy than the official U. S. propaganda services.

The GIs involved were 31-year-old Jack Begon, mechanical superintendent of the Mediterranean edition of *Stars and Stripes* and before the war a West Coast newspaperman; and Lou Cortese, 28-year-old New Yorker, then serving on the copy desk of *Stars and Stripes*.

Soon after the fall of Rome, when the Naples *Stars and Stripes* was

moved to that city, a third GI, Sgt. William D. DeMeza, 23, of Plainfield, New Jersey, was called in to complete the triumvirate which now owns and operates the *Rome Daily American*.

The problems they faced were complex indeed. Even the task of becoming civilians was a tough one. The Army refused to release them in Italy unless they furnished proof that they had jobs. So Begon went to work as correspondent for International News Service; DeMeza landed a job as truck driver for the Red Cross; and Cortese became a motor-pool attendant. But when the trio filed for permission to publish their paper, they became involved in red tape and cynical indifference.

Nor was getting advertising a simple matter. A local organization controlled advertising space in most newspapers as exclusive representatives of both advertiser and publisher. The ex-GIs were told that advertisements in the *Daily American* would have to be handled in the same way.

They battled the system by opening their own advertising department. Later they organized the Romamer Advertising Agency and carried the fight to the enemy by sending out their own solicitors. Finally the big agency gave the RDA a unique contract allowing the publishers the right to solicit independently while the agency serves as publishers' representatives.

Then came the battle for a printing plant. First, the trio requested the use of the plant which was printing *Stars and Stripes*, but were

turned down. Then arrangements were made with the same company which printed *L'Unitá*, large Communist daily. The Americans had sample pages set up, and plastered Italy with announcements that on March 1, 1946, the long-awaited newspaper would appear.

Three days before the first issue was to go on sale, the technical director of the printing plant regretfully explained to Begon that a shortage of electric power made it impossible to print the *American*. Begon appealed to Gen. Charles L. Dasher, military commander of the Allied forces in Rome, who promised a helping hand. Then he returned to the plant and explained that a generator would be installed next morning. The director said that, unfortunately, this did not change the situation since *L'Unitá* had just increased its print order.

"Why didn't you tell me that the Communists want to keep us out of business?" Begon snapped.

Publication was postponed for two weeks while the partners tore around Rome in search of a new home, which turned out to be the office of a sports sheet. At midnight on March 16, the three weary Yankees watched a wheezy press run off the first 5,000 copies.

The original edition was an eight-page tabloid containing wire reports from the Associated Press, United Press and International News Service. On a two-a-day basis were printed columns from Samuel Grafton, Raymond Moley, Dorothy Thompson, Fiorello LaGuardia, Leonard Lyons and Drew Pear-



son. The comic strips were Blondie, Dick Tracy, Li'l Abner, and Terry and the Pirates.

The opening editorial was a statement of policy, in which the partners promised to print only fair and unbiased news reports.

The *American*'s severest test came early in its existence when Lieut. Gen. John C. H. Lee, commanding general of American troops in the Mediterranean area, tried to clamp censorship on the *Stars and Stripes*, whose reporters were forbidden to mention the investigation concerning him in print. But DeMeza's fearless coverage forced Lee to beat a hasty retreat.

Today, the *American* acts in western Europe as a balance wheel for local political papers. It is common, for example, for the Communist *L'Unità* and the Christian Democrat *Il Popolo* to give conflicting reports of the same incident. A discerning reader checks it in the *American*, because he feels that if the RDA prints it, it's true.

An early reporter for the *American* (at \$35 a week) was Doris Duke, certainly the world's richest correspondent. The heiress worked a full shift along with the rest of the expanding staff, and no concessions were made either to her sex or pocketbook.

Before leaving, she purchased an

interest in the paper—a minority block of nonvoting stock. But the direction of RDA is still in the hands of the three original partners.

Today the paper is an established success. It is an eight-page tabloid selling for 25 lire or five cents a copy. It has its own printing plant and employs a staff of 40. Its 16-page two-color Christmas issue, jampacked with 51 columns of advertising, is Italy's largest post-war newspaper. The *American*'s circulation has risen to 35,000, and the paper is now distributed in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Greece and the Balkan countries, with the exception of Rumania.

The RDA enjoys excellent relations with its Italian employees. The Communist-controlled CGIL, Italy's dominant labor union, has grudgingly admitted the fact. During a printers' strike which closed all Rome newspapers, the *American* was the only one to publish.

Even Palmiro Togliatti, leader of the Italian Communist party, has kind words to say about the paper. Meeting DeMeza at a reception in the Polish Embassy, he remarked: "You people of the *Daily American* are very lucky. You can look ahead and see what is going to happen to Signora Blondie and Signor Dagwood."

Feminine Logic



A YOUNG HUSBAND who had agreed to buy a vacuum cleaner was disturbed when he found that his wife had ordered the de luxe model instead of the standard.

"But, dear," his wife explained, "it won't cost any more! All we have to do is pay a little longer." —JOHN C. FRESE



M-G-M

MAMMOTH OF THE MOVIES

The world's foremost film factory rests on a firm foundation of glamour and talent

by EZRA GOODMAN

EVERY THURSDAY, anyone who has a desire to become a motion-picture star can walk unannounced past the guarded gates of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer into the office of Billy Grady, the studio's casting director. Grady, ordinarily not an easy man to see, keeps open house from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., when he interviews an average of 150 applicants who flock from all parts of the world to try their luck at the foremost of America's film factories.

Among them may be a man from near-by Burbank whose wife is going to have a baby in May and who wants to know whether the studio can use a newborn infant at that time, or an 80-year-old spinster from South Africa, who aspires

to be a character actress. Carrying out the long-time policy of Louis B. Mayer, Grady does not want to overlook any possibility in the studio's unrelenting search for talent.

"Talent is where you find it," he remarks, "and some of it may even be lying right under our noses in Hollywood."

M-G-M, the world's largest and wealthiest movie-making machine, which is currently celebrating its 25th anniversary, is built on talent. It boasts that it has "more stars than there are in the heavens," pointing proudly to Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Greer Garson, Katharine Hepburn, Mickey Rooney, Wallace Beery, Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Margaret

O'Brien, June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Elizabeth Taylor and Lassie.

This citadel of glamour, however, is not located in glamorous Hollywood proper. It is situated in Culver City, ten miles away, a somewhat drab area whose outstanding features are oil wells, bars and gas stations.

M-G-M's location is not the only contradiction about it. Samuel Goldwyn, the malapropian producer, whose cognomen constitutes one-third of the studio's name, has no connection with the enterprise. In 1922, when he resigned from Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, he waived all interest in the plant. Two years later, M-G-M was formed by a merger of Metro Pictures, Goldwyn Pictures and Louis B. Mayer. Goldwyn had no part in the transaction. When he went on to make his own pictures, he had to use the name Samuel Goldwyn Productions.

Doubts as to whether the new studio would survive were shared by many picture people of that day. Metro, which supplied pictures starring Nazimova, Viola Dana and Bert Lytell for Loew's theaters, was not exactly flourishing. The Mayer studio was a modest celluloid plant which had been manufacturing some better-than-average movies. Marcus Loew, who had built a nickelodeon into one of the world's greatest theater chains, needed one big organization to keep his houses filled with epics. So he merged the two companies and took over the Goldwyn studio in Culver City as headquarters.

The studio was then the most up-to-date of the flicker factories, but in other respects it was something of a white elephant. Origi-

nally it had been built in 1915 by the Triangle Film Corporation, headed by three moguls of the silent screen—D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett and Thomas H. Ince. Early Hollywood heroes like Douglas Fairbanks, Dustin Farnum and William S. Hart did their cavorting on Triangle's glassed-in stages under natural sunlight.

But Triangle did not last long, and in 1918 Goldwyn moved in, adding more stages and improving the premises. His tenure was brief, too, and when the new company took over, it inherited little more than physical facilities.

There were debits, also. One was a picture in progress, *Ben Hur*, based on Lew Wallace's celebrated novel. The Goldwyn studio had spent a year and more than \$1,000,000 on the production, even sending a unit to Rome to film scenes on location. But *Ben Hur* was written large in red ink on the studio's ledgers.

Into this crisis stepped short, stocky Mayer and his lieutenant, Irving Thalberg. Mayer's biography read like an Alger tale. Foreign-born, he had come to California via New Brunswick, Canada, where his father was a ship-salvager. As a young man, Louis built up a chain of New England movie theaters and a film distributing agency, but the product emanating from New York and Hollywood did not satisfy him.

He thought he could do better himself, so he began producing movies at Fort Lee, New Jersey. In 1919, he moved to Hollywood and soon was making films with such exotic titles as *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* and *The Dangerous Age*, starring glamorous personalities like

Anita Stewart, Norma Shearer and Renee Adoree.

Mayer was assisted by Thalberg, a slight, soft-spoken young man from Brooklyn who had worked his way up from \$35-a-week secretary to Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Pictures, to production chief at that studio. Before he was 21, Irving was known as "The Wonder Boy" of Hollywood. Thalberg left Universal to join Mayer because he rightly guessed that the new job offered greater opportunities.

WHEN LOEW organized the new M-G-M, Mayer stepped in to take charge of contacts and contracts, and Thalberg became editorial production head. Irving's name never appeared on an M-G-M movie. "If you have the power to put your name on the screen," he said, "your name on the screen is meaningless."

They could have commanded giant salaries, but Mayer and Thalberg settled for a rather nominal remuneration, plus a percentage of M-G-M's hypothetical profits. Before long, this speculative move catapulted them into the top earning class. Thalberg, when he died in 1936, was several times a millionaire, while Mayer for years was the highest-salaried individual in the U. S.

Today, Mayer's boss at M-G-M is Nicholas Schenck, president of Loew's, Inc., since Loew died in 1927. All policies of production and distribution are carried on under his direction.

M-G-M opened its doors on April 17, 1924, when the 600 employees gathered to hear talks by Mayer, Thalberg and producer Harry Rapf. The dignitaries on the plat-

form included the mayor of Culver City, an admiral, Will Rogers, and six M-G-M players—Mae Murray, Lillian Gish, Lon Chaney, Antonio Moreno, Ramon Novarro and John Gilbert. Also present was a platoon of soldiers from Fort MacArthur.

It is a far cry from the M-G-M of 25 years ago to the imposing, high-powered plant of 1949, which pays the largest salaries in the cinema city, produces the biggest pictures, grosses the most money, and is sometimes referred to as "The Country Club." The 600 employees are now a maximum of 5,000; the six glassed-in stages of the silent-movie era are now 31 modern sound stages; the 40 acres of 1924 have grown to 178, containing everything from a private zoo to a schoolhouse for the junior geniuses.

Today, Metro makes newsreels, shorts and some 35 features annually, each of the latter budgeted at an average of \$1,600,000. In key cities, 32 exchanges distribute the company's films, making 40,000 shipments weekly. And the studio is valued at more than \$200,000,000, as compared to \$50,000,000 at the time of its merger.

From the very beginning, Mayer and Thalberg decided on bold moves. They juked the costly footage that had been shot on *Ben Hur* and started all over again. A relatively unknown actor, Ramon Novarro, was given the title role, while Carey Wilson, today one of M-G-M's top producers, rewrote the scenario.

The company was recalled from Rome, and a new Coliseum, bigger than the original, was built in Culver City. The picture was completed at a total cost of \$4,000,000, but it has grossed more than \$10,-

000,000 and is still remembered as a notable screen spectacle.

Mayer and Thalberg decided upon several basic policies for the new studio. For one thing, they determined to build M-G-M on personalities. In their opinion, the player—and not so much the play—was the thing. And thus the studio's resources, from production to publicity, were concentrated behind the glamour boys and girls.

Metro scouts canvassed colleges, night clubs, Broadway and out-lying districts. That indefinable something called "personality" was the touchstone to stardom. Lucille Le Sueur, a plumpish New York chorus girl, became Joan Crawford and the Hollywood embodiment of the gin-swinging, jazz-age flapper in pictures like *Our Dancing Daughters*, *Our Modern Maidens* and *Our Blushing Brides*.

Greta Garbo (nee Gustaffson), a barber's assistant from Stockholm, had appeared in a Swedish picture, *The Story of Gösta Berling*, when M-G-M accidentally imported her to Hollywood. The studio had hired Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director, but he would not come to America unless his protégée were included in the deal. Garbo became the unchallenged queen of the screen with her first American film, *The Torrent*.

ANOTHER POINT IN the new studio's policy was that each picture must be as nearly perfect as possible, regardless of expense. Money spent this way, Mayer and Thalberg argued, would be more than returned at the box office. In its 25-year existence, Metro has junked or re-shot pictures so often that



Culver City is sometimes referred to as "The Valley of Retakes."

Thalberg was a perfectionist who liked to get down to film fundamentals. His cinematic philosophy was akin to Cecil B. DeMille's credo: "I will trade you 40 gorgeous Hawaiian sunsets for one good sock in the jaw." Thalberg also had the knack of reaching into a film character. "Show me what kind of underwear a man wears and I will tell you what his character is," he told a script writer.

The new policies paid off for the new studio. Within a few years, M-G-M had outpaced the other picture plants, accumulating a rich roster of personalities, and developing its physical and technical properties. Leo the Lion, originated by M-G-M's erudite publicity director, Howard Dietz, became the industry's best-known trade-mark, roaring from the screen in the 179 Loew's theaters and in more than 16,000 other picture emporiums in the U.S. and throughout the world.

With the advent of sound, Leo the Lion found his voice and a new array of satellites appeared on the Hollywood horizon. Marie Dressler, a discouraged old trumper who had flopped in silent films, became a potent box-office attraction. She and Wallace Beery were teamed in *Min and Bill*, *Tugboat Annie* and other homely epics, seemingly proving that glamour was not the only salable commodity in movies. Clark Gable, who had played a killer in

The Last Mile on Broadway, was converted from a heavy to the greatest romantic star of all time.

Gable is one star who has accepted fame and fortune with equanimity. When an interviewer once asked, "How does it feel to be the world's greatest lover?" he replied: "It's a living." Today, he keeps an old casting record framed in his dressing room. It reads: "*The Merry Widow*—Clark Gable—\$7.50." Across it he has scrawled: "Just to remind you, Gable."

Mayer and Thalberg also were gifted in creating box-office bonanzas from rediscovered talent. Jean Harlow had come to public attention as the Platinum Blonde in Howard Hughes' *Hell's Angels*. At M-G-M, where she remained until her death in 1937, she became a commendable comedienne as well as an enchantress and the studio's most beloved star.

Spencer Tracy, who had been in pictures for five years without noticeably impressing the Hollywood impresarios, was signed by M-G-M in 1935. In the next four years, Tracy won two Academy Awards. Myrna Loy had been playing Oriental temptresses. She was teamed with William Powell in *The Thin Man* and, as Nick and Nora Charles, they both found a new lease on film life as a Mr. and Mrs. team.

Greer Garson was one of M-G-M's many European importations. She came to Culver City from England in 1937 and did precisely nothing for a year. She was shipped back to Great Britain to appear in Metro's British production of *Goodbye Mr. Chips*. Overnight, Miss Garson became a star.

Hedy Lamarr, whom Mayer had



discovered abroad, languished on the lot until an outside producer, Walter Wanger, set off her beauty to good effect in *Algiers*, after which M-G-M starred her. Luise Rainer, shipped in from Vienna, won Oscars with two of her first pictures, *The Great Ziegfeld* and *The Good Earth*.

However, M-G-M made its share of bad guesses. Charles Boyer, who was brought from France to dub movies in Gallic for foreign consumption, could not talk the studio into letting him act. The best assignment he landed was as a walk-on chauffeur in *Red Headed Woman*, starring Jean Harlow. Monty Woolley played bits on the lot. Another studio made a star of him.

But M-G-M could afford to miss out on occasion. The studio was doing very well with such people as Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, and with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Director Van Dyke made a star out of Eddy in *Naughty Marietta* by keeping his cameras focused on Miss MacDonald while Eddy was singing.

Miss Garland, a spindly little girl, attended the schoolhouse on the lot, together with Rooney, Lana Turner, Kathryn Grayson, Deanna Durbin and Betty Grable. The precocious Rooney, at the time he was appearing as Andy Hardy, owned four race horses, smoked big black cigars and had a penchant for fast cars and pretty girls. However, since the Rooney pictures were budgeted at an average of \$300,000, and were

worth Mayer's weight in gold, the studio suffered in silence.

Seventeen-year-old Lana Turner was another pupil. She would rush from readin' and writin' in the schoolhouse to rhythmatics on the sound stages. Miss Turner had first impressed herself upon movie-goers when, attired in a tight-fitting sweater, she took a 75-foot stroll down a small-town street in a Warner picture, *They Won't Forget*. Metro subsequently made a mountain of gold out of that sweater.

Van Johnson, a Broadway hooper, had been dropped by Warners and was ready to leave town when he met casting director Grady. Next day, Johnson was being tested. Later, his natural, boyish appearance was exploited in a *Crime Does Not Pay* short, ultimately proving that Van Johnson does pay.

Another graduate of the *Crime Does Not Pay* school was Spangler Arlington Brugh, who had been discovered by an M-G-M scout while appearing in a Pomona College production of *Journey's End*. Brugh was skinny and his acting ability was thin, too, but he had good looks and fire. Renamed Robert Taylor, outfitted by Louis B. Mayer's tailor and groomed by Mayer's barber, he added considerably to M-G-M's exchequer.

Another popular M-G-M star is a male dog named Lassie, who became known at the studio as "Greer Garson with Fur." Lassie's contract provides that he (or she) receive \$1,000 every week in the year, whether working or not, and that she (or he) be provided with a stand-in just like the two-footed stars.

When Thalberg died in 1936 from pneumonia, the Hollywood gossip

prophesied the studio's imminent demise. However, under Mayer and his executive brain trust—Edgar Mannix, Benjamin Thau and L. K. Sidney—M-G-M continued to function profitably.

Today, at 64, Mayer is the most powerful man in Hollywood, with a hold on the movie metropolis that reaches beyond M-G-M. His son-in-law, William Goetz, is head of Universal-International. His ex-son-in-law, David O. Selznick, is a titanic independent figure (his *Gone With the Wind*, starring Gable and released by M-G-M, has to date grossed more than \$32,000,000, an all-time record). Mayer's daughter Irene, who recently divorced Selznick, produced the Broadway hit, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Although Mayer does not lead a precisely spartan existence, he prides himself on his ability to commune with the common man. His studio colleagues maintain that he has an instinctive comprehension of what is right or wrong in a movie.

A preview audience failed to laugh at a comedy scene in a Hardy picture in which Andy, after a spat with his girl, refused to eat dinner. Mayer called in Carey Wilson, the producer, and instructed him to retake the sequence.

"No boy," said Mayer, "no matter what the reason, would say to his mother that a dinner is no good. The audience resents such a thing."

The sequence was filmed again, without the offending line, and the audience ate it up.

In recent years, a hardening of the artistic arteries has occasionally been evident at M-G-M. The star system has sometimes made for movies that are little more than ve-

hicles for performers whose expressions are limited to joy and indignation. On occasion, there has been a substitution of extravagance for ideas, spectacle for sincerity. The ballroom in *Marie Antoinette*, for instance, was advertised as considerably larger than the original at Versailles. And it has been said of the imposing executive building at M-G-M, named after Thalberg, that the edifice is air-conditioned and hermetically sealed "so that the ghost of Irving can't get in to see what his successors are doing."

Last year, Mayer made a drastic move to keep M-G-M on top of the Hollywood heap. He appointed Dore Schary, former press agent and newspaperman, as vice-president in charge of production in a capacity similar to Thalberg's. Schary won an Academy Award at Metro for his script of *Boys' Town*, and produced such superior pictures as *Joe Smith, American* and *Journey for Margaret* when he was in charge of M-G-M's "B" unit.

As production head of RKO, Schary made movies like *The Farmer's Daughter*, a comedy that had a few cogent words to say about citizenship, and *Crossfire*, the first Hollywood film to deal forthrightly with anti-Semitism.

One of the few writers in Holly-

wood history to become the head of a studio, Schary has stated that he wants to make movies that he and his associates "can be proud of as picture people and as human beings." Coming up on Metro's production schedule, in addition to musicals like *The Barkleys of Broadway* (Astaire-Rogers), *Annie Get Your Gun* (Judy Garland), and costume pictures like *Little Women* (June Allyson and Margaret O'Brien) and *The Great Sinner* (Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner), are such topical films as *Storm Over Vienna*, which is set in the British zone in Vienna; *Command Decision*, with Gable, Pidgeon and Johnson in Air Force uniforms; and *The Intruders*, a story of lynching in the South.

It is possible that Schary may infuse into Metro's unparalleled motion-picture plant the life that has not consistently flowed in its expensive veins since Thalberg's death, and conform more fully to the tradition of such fine M-G-M films as *Fury*, a powerful indictment of lynching; *Viva Villa*, a bang-up dramatic spectacle; and *Blonde Bombshell*, as crisply paced a picture as ever was seen. In fact, under the Mayer-Schary aegis, certain Hollywood observers predict that Leo may yet roar more loudly and impressively than ever.

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